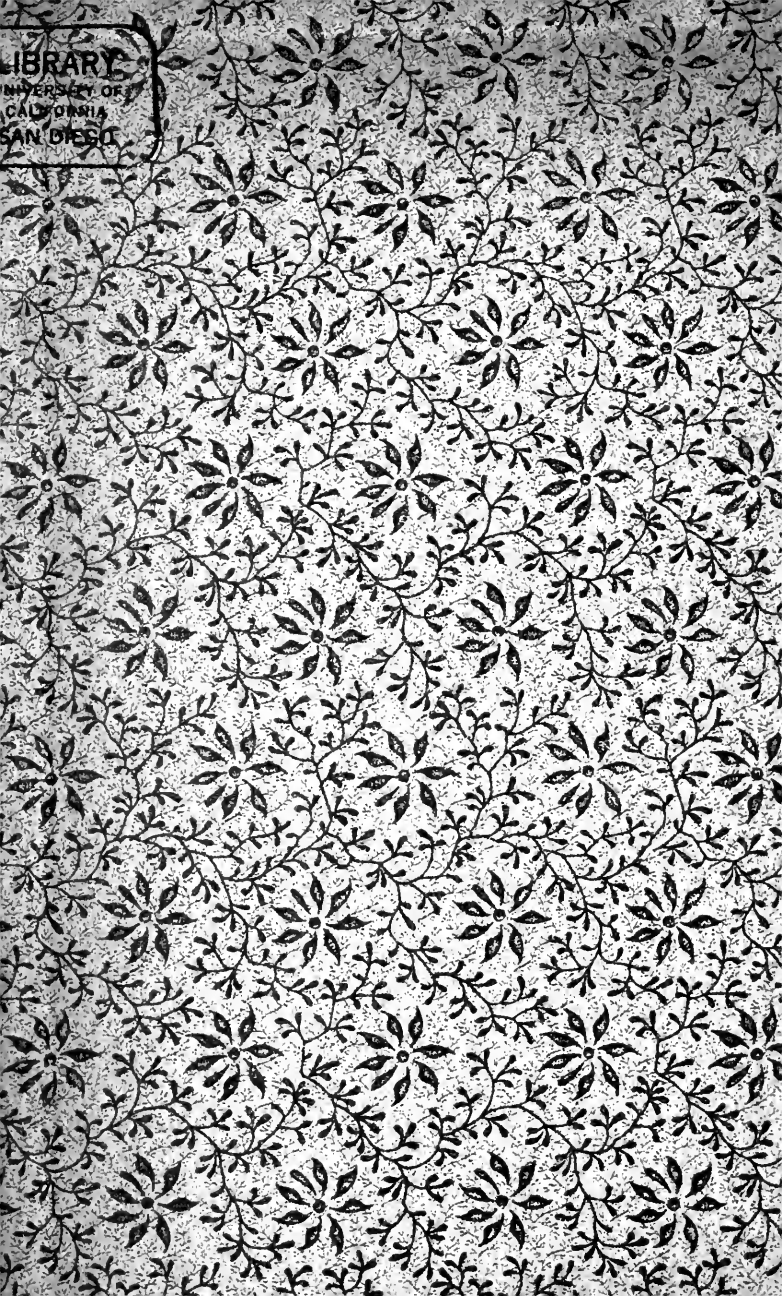
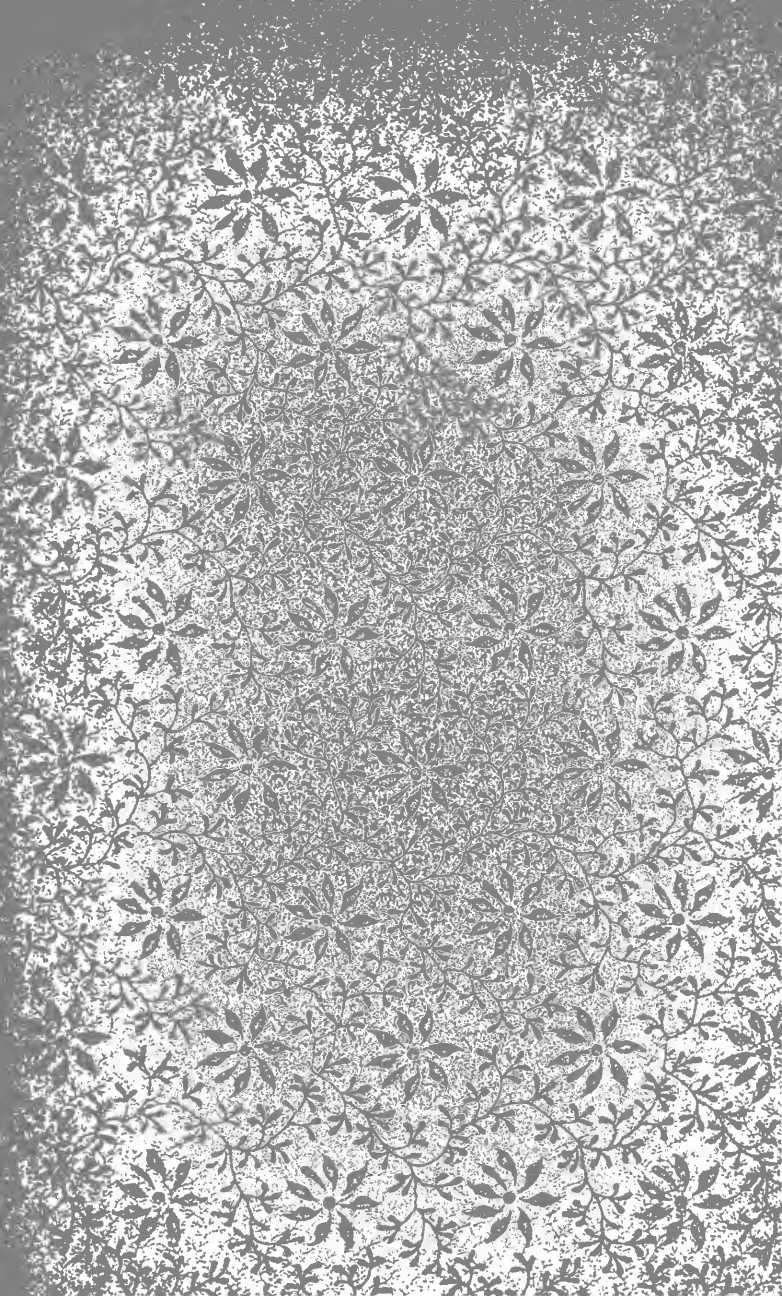


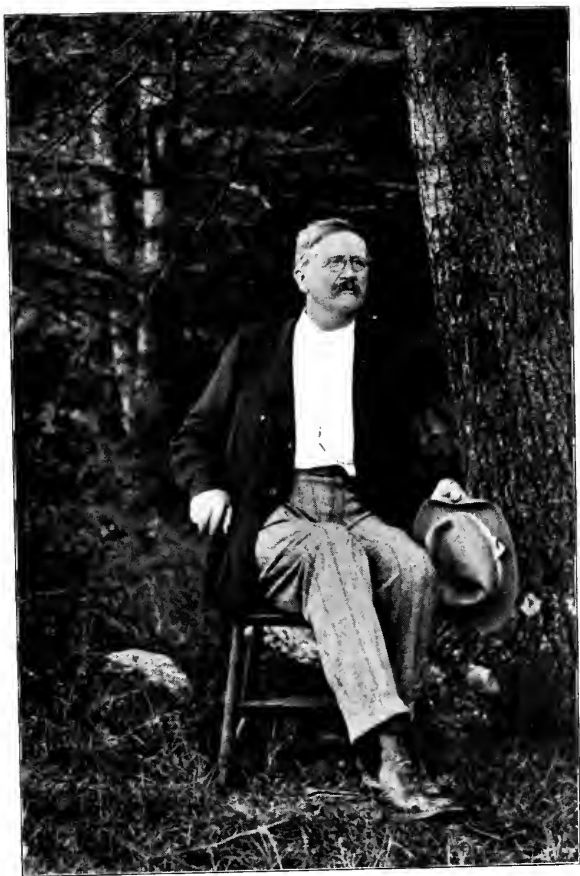
BALLADS
OF THE
HILLS

By JOHN FOSTER

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Dear Friends:

Who read my heartfelt lines
I send you greeting from "The Pines."

John Foster

Ballads of the Hills

BY
JOHN FOSTER

THE JOHN B. CLARKE COMPANY
MANCHESTER, N. H.

1908

Copyright, 1908.

**I dedicate this volume of poems
to the surviving members of my
College Class, Dartmouth, 1876,
every one of whom I love and
honor.**

FOREWORD.

To him who loves nature and nature's God many hidden things are revealed. The brook's laughter on its way to the sea is music to his ear. The breeze that sways the maples and the lordly pines sings to him a divine anthem in praise of the great Creator.

Such an one is John Foster, poet, scholar, and friend of mankind. Like Abou Ben Adhem of old, if asked by the recording angel what should be written of him, he would say, "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men." A child of nature, he loves the woods, the streams, and the hills of his native state; her stalwart sons and fair daughters, many of whom have passed to "that bourne from which no traveler returns," whose praises find such tender expression in these simple, yet beautiful, "Ballads of the Hills."

FRANK H. COLLEY.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

THE OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE HILLS.

I linger on the wave-washed shore,
Where time's grim wreck my vision fills,
But turn my longing heart once more
To old New Hampshire's hills.

Those storied heights, how oft of old,
I 've heard from lips now still and cold
The tale,—long years ago the fathers came
And gave to each a lasting name.

To me it is the same old joy
To stand upon their rock-crowned crests,
And view their solemn grandeur,
As years ago when but a boy.

Above their features, stern but fair,
There floats the incense of pure air;
O'er each there clusters song and story;
Each has a legend, each a glory.

I venerate where'er I stand
The works of the great Master hand,
But most of all the Titan skill,
Which made my dear old native hill.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Oh, the homes upon the hillsides
And the friends who once lived here!
Tho' some still linger, some have gone;
To my heart they all are near.

There are graves upon the hillsides,
Round which fond memories flow;
O'er some there floats a tiny flag;
On some the violets grow.

O sleepers on the grand old hills,
Can you hear the robin sing?
And the linnet when he trills his lay
On restless, quivering wing?

Do you know the beauties of the morn,
The soft, sad shades of eve?
The glorious foliage of June,
Or tint of autumn leaves?

The loves of years are buried there;
Fond, faithful hearts are still,
Waiting for the angel call
To be heard among the hills.

Sitting here upon the shore,
Old faces seem to come once more,
Whispers of love I seem to hear;
Dear ones, I feel you 're ever near.

E'en now, as in the past, you 're true;
Rest on, and when the Master wills
That I may go,
I 'll camp among the hills with you.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

KEARSARGE, A MONARCH OF THE HILLS.

Thy crest above a hundred hills
Rests peerless and alone,
Posed like a giant mountain king
Upon a giant throne.

Companion of the thunderclouds,
Which kiss thy stony face,
And often in the summer days
Hold thee in their embrace.

From 'neath thy shade brave men have passed
To battle with the world,
And stood in line before the foe
With banners never furled.

I saw thee in my childhood days
Bathed in the morning light,
And thought the other, fairer world
Lay just beyond thy height.

I see thee now and read the lines
On nature's open page,
And hail thee as a monarch grand
Of the dim Devonian age.

You bear the scars which ice and rock
Upon your surface tore,
And boulders left upon your slopes
When the glacial days were o'er.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

But still you stand in nature's plan,
A feature grand and large,
Forever bearing that great name,
The famous Kearsarge.

Guard on, grand peak, thy fame sublime;
Its lustre of the past
Shall glow undimmed on history's page
As long as time shall last.



TO THE TIGER LILY.

Why do I love thee best of all,
Dear flowering plant of olden time?
Why does thy blossom hold my heart,
When others are as fair as thine?

It is because in life's young day
I planted seeds and saw them grow;
I saw them blossom in their way;
They died and withered, all but you.

My hopes, like flowers, have withered too;
The winds of time have blown them wide,
And while I linger here alone,
Be thou my emblem and my guide.

Emblem of faith, you never die;
Emblem of hope, you bloom each morn;
Emblem of love, you linger still,
And blossom when all else is gone.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

This little verse I give to thee;
I give it humbly, as a slave;
Bloom on along my pathway here,
And blossom ever o'er my grave.



**IN LOVING MEMORY OF THE OLD HOYT SCHOOL-
HOUSE, WARNER, N. H.**

Back o'er the lapse of many years
My memory drifts tonight;
Back over days that were sad and dark,
O'er days of joy and light.

Back to the time when my boyish heart
Beat quick with its youthful thrill;
Back to the time when I learned to read
In the schoolhouse under the hill.

Shaded by maples, grand and tall,
Flanked by an ancient, moss-grown wall,
Beside a sparkling, bubbling rill,
Stood the old schoolhouse under the hill.

As quaint, uncouth, and grim it stood,
It stands in memory still;
No paint or fresco decked the walls
Of the schoolhouse under the hill.

And flowers are blooming there today,
Which thro' the frost and snow
Have lived since they were set by us
Some forty years ago.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

How bright the morning sun of youth
Shone on our childish life;
The world had little else but smiles,
We knew not of its strife.

Where are the lads who went to school
In those happy days of old?
Where are the girls with dimpled cheeks
And clustering locks of gold?

Upon the benches in those days
Sat boys with sturdy hearts,
Who, in the times that tried men's souls,
Bore brave and manly parts.

Some fought thro' the cruel war;
One fell before the foe,
And in a yard not far away
A flag waves o'er poor Joe.

A fair, young girl in memory dwells,
Whom adulation could not spoil;
Before the northern blasts she fell,
And Drusa sleeps 'neath southern soil.

The schoolhouse, boys, and girls are gone,
Naught but the flowers remains;
Yet musing there sometimes alone
They seem to come again.

Again I hear the teacher's voice,
Tho' hushed for many a year;
The boyish shout rings forth once more.
And yet no boys are here.

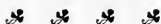
BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

The tiny stream flows as of old,
 'Neath hedge of beech and thorn;
And in its murmuring seems to say,
 "Oh, girls and boys, where have you gone?"

.

Had I stood on the banks of the Danube,
 Or camped by the river Po,
Or seen the tides through the Golden Gate
 In measure ebb and flow;

Or gazed on the glaciers of the North,
 And the palm trees of Brazil,
My heart would still love best of all
 The schoolhouse under the hill.



GOD'S GARDEN.

Would you see God's Garden at its best?
Go 'neath the morning sheen and rest
Upon a moss-grown mound
Within its border green.

No hand of man has shaped it;
Its beauties are its own;
True to the art of Nature
Its flowers and ferns have grown.

Tapering ferns with their sceptres of green
They encircle the rocks like the
Crown of a queen.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Arbutus has bloomed,
The pearl of spring air,
In perfume so fragrant,
In beauty so rare;
No flower of man's garden
Can with it compare.

But here is goldenrod,
Loved by all the world;
Its banner of beauty
Is ever unfurled.

Its petals so tiny,
Yet withal so bright,
The verdure around them
Partakes of their light.

The wild rose,
Reflecting the sunlight above,
Gives a smile to the morn
Like a bride to her love.

Here is columbine,
Coquette of flower and vine,
With a pose like a statue
And a blush like red wine.

Gaze well on the buttercups,
For here they are seen
Gleaming like stars in a heaven of green.

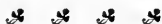
The modest primrose unfolds in evening air,
And its blossoms delicate and rare
The humming bird will seek,
To taste their fragrance rare.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

From the cold, black earth
Springs a flower of beautiful hue,
And the wood violet
Chastens the sky with its blue.

Just beyond the tiny rill,
Which bubbles on 'neath fern and bower,
Standing stately as the hills
Is the royal cardinal flower.

Such is God's Garden at its best,
And these are emblems from his hand;
Emblems of a distant land,
Emblems of a clearer light,
Where the sun ne'er sets at night.



A MEMORY OF BADGER HILL, WARNER, N. H.

Amid the trees on Badger hill,
Robin Redbreast sings all day;
At morning 'tis a joyous trill,
At eve, a mournful lay.

His notes seem something more to me
Than a wild bird's simple song,
For in my heart fond memories wake;
They 've slumbered, ah, too long.

I fancy that he calls the names
Of friends I ne'er shall see,
Who in the joyous days of old
Trod Badger hill with me.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

There come again two boys in blue,
With heart and courage strong,
Who marched to war with spirits blithe
As the robin's morning song.

Another vision far more sad,
For each a loyal, sweet life gave,—
Those boys at rest 'neath mounds of fern.
A flag of glory o'er their grave.

Oh, boys, my friends of life's young day,
When youth's morning sun shone bright,
Can you hear with me the robin's lay,
As he sings from morn till night?

And see the change on Badger hill,
Which forty years have made?
Or is the night of death so dark
You cannot pierce its shade?

My fondest hope of all is this,
That the dead may hear and see
The blessed Angel of the Lord
When he sounds the reveille.



THE OLD STONE WALL.

[Delivered at the Old Home Day meeting, August, 1903,
at Salisbury, N. H.]

Our fathers, when they cleared these farms,
Had work enough for all,
For when they 'd nothing else to do
They went to building wall.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

They built stone wall in summer time,
They built it in the fall;
By daylight and by candle-light,
They were always building wall.

I was told by a friend of old,
Whose memory I love and keep,
That one tough-hided son of the soil
Built stone wall in his sleep.

They built them criss-cross o'er the plain,
And criss-cross o'er the hill,
And though they 've stood a hundred years,
They 're in commission still.

The stiffest thing our boys in blue
Were up against of all,
Was he who bore the sobriquet
Of "Jackson, the Stone Wall."

The smoothest thing their fathers had
Was, when at evening call,
They mixed old eider with new rum,
And called it "The Stone Wall."

They were a hardy, nerry race,
Who knew the worth of muscle;
The way they had to make ends meet
Was drink "Stone Wall" and hustle.

They were sturdy, fearless men,
And when the war storm fell,
They drank "Stone Wall" at Bunker Hill,
And whaled the redcoats well.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

I am told by my good friend Shaw,*
Whose imagination 's large,
That he has been by Stone Wall route
To the summit of Kearsarge.

That the only coon he ever lost,
Which once he 'd started well,
Was when a dose of old "Stone Wall"
Had laid him out a spell.

The woodchuck lives beneath it,
The chipmunk skips above,
And in the corner, 'neath the shade,
The boys and girls make love.

Upon yon ancient double wall,
Where no human ear could reach,
The Senator† roosted after tea,
And rehearsed his Old Home speech.

Why should he not, for he was heard
By crickets, frogs, and owls,
And their discordant chorus
Made him think of Senate howls.

Men may come, and men may go,
And nations rise and fall,
But still will stand forevermore
The famous old stone wall.

We soon must pass beyond the mist,
We soon shall hear the call,
But give me just before I go
A drink of "Old Stone Wall."

* Hon. John Shaw, president of the day.

† U. S. Senator Gallinger.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

THE WOODLAND WALKS OF OLD.

Oh, the woodland walks of old!
When young life seemed a day of gold;
The sun of youth shone clear and bright,
And stars of promise gave kindly light.

The summer strolls to meet the tryst
Of a friend whose promise never missed;
That friend was the moon of the summer night,
And her smile was the smile of the pale moonlight.

The forest walks in autumn days,
Beneath October's mellow haze,
When squirrels stored the nuts as they fell,
And the partridge clucked to his mate in the dell.

The walks in winter grim and chill,
When the trees stood ghostly and dead and still;
But with promise ever, and not in vain,
That their buds should burst and bloom again.

Those woodland walks in life's young day
Will always in my memory stay,
And ever of my loving heart
Remain a living, lasting part.

Why is it when men grow rich and gay,
They seek the scenes of far away,
And hearts and homes of another kind,
Leave paths and loves of youth behind?

I know not why, I cannot tell;
In the end perhaps it 's just as well.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

THE PLACE WHERE WE MADE MUD PIES.

[Read on Thanksgiving Day, 1906.]

Sister, I have strolled today,
 Beneath the summer skies,
Up among the dear old hills,
 To the place where we made mud pies.

The egg-shaped rock is still in sight,
 The old stone wall is there,
The cherry and the apple tree,
 The rose scent fills the air.

I almost saw our baby tracks,
 Where we played beside the way,
In gladsome, childish jubilee,
 On that far distant day.

I listened, and I seemed to hear
 The ox teams' steady jog,
And Sambo at a woodchuck's hole,
 That brave, old, long-eared dog.

I sat upon the egg-shaped stone,
 Gave way to memory's will;
A sound! Was 't shout of John or Fred?
 And were they near me still?

'T was but the call of the summer wind
As it blew o'er Badger hill.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

I found a faded, withered rose,
Cast by the garden side;
Think you it was an emblem
Of sister dear who died?

O, can it be, that budding flower,
Just bursting, fair and bright,
Has faded in the many years
It 's bloomed in heavenly light?

Ah, no! The sweet and gifted child,
Led by the Master's hand,
Is fairer far than earthly rose,
In that free and happy land.

As days like shadows pass away,
And here I linger still,
Like rare, old wine the memory flows
Of that home upon the hill.

Near fifty years, and what a change!
But pleasant thoughts still rise
Of the egg-shaped rock beside the way,
The place where we made mud pies.

The apple trees still bear their fruit,
But the old house is not there,
And loved ones, all but you and me,
Have gone—O tell me where!

But, sister, let us fondly hope,
When our boat has touched the shore,
Lucy and Georgie will be there
To greet us as of yore.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

And as we plod life's weary way,
Forever let us prize
The memory of that dear old spot,
The place where we made mud pies.

So, sister dear, here 's health and cheer,
And while on earth we stay,
Let 's live again those good old times,
Each glad Thanksgiving day.

JULY, 1906.



"BILL VITTY."

[William Vitty of Weare, N. H., is without doubt the champion fox hunter of the state. Whoever knows this goodly, honest man, will credit his claim of over one thousand foxes shot by him. Withal he is a fine violinist of the old school. Hence these lines.]

Under the crest of "Rattle Hill,"
Waiting, patient, the whole day thro',
Thinking not old time to kill,
But a fox if he chance to come in view,
Stands Bill.

His hound, "Old Fly," is on the trail,
Her scent and eye can never fail,
She knows the cunning dog fox ways
And, when she has him at her will,
Straight she drives toward "Rattle Hill"
And Bill.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

A flash, a roar from "London Twist,"
Discharge from a gun that never missed,
And reynard falls before his skill.
"That makes a thousand and one,"
Says Bill.

"Do you ever fail?" I said to him,
As I shook his honest hand with vim,
He answered, drawing his wooden rammer,
"No, I always kill as dead as a hammer,
I do," said Bill.

"Come home with me, friend; 't ain't far away,
We 've done enough for one cold day;
Good food and bed are at your will,
And they 're paid for, too,"
Said honest Bill.

"Lucy will have the table spread
With hot baked beans,
And nice brown bread,
Indeed, you will not have to ask
A mug of cider from the cask.

"We 'll eat and drink and stories tell,
Come on, Old Fly! Let's go!"
Said Bill.

'T was as the good man said and more,
Baked beans and cider, fox yarns galore;
We talked till morning hours were nigh,
Some credit he took, gave more to "Fly."
He told the tales from his hunter's log,
As he loved his life, he loved his dog,
Did Bill.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

"Now, Lucy, bring the violin,
I 'll give my friend a tune,
'Money Musk,' that contra figger,
Or perhaps you like 'Zip Coon.'"
What a Bill!

Did you ever dream of ecstasy
In music's sweet embrace?
Have vision of a heavenly joy?
Then watch Bill Vitty's face,

As on that prince of instruments
The old-time tune he plays,
And his dark blue eye is radiant
As he calls back good old lays.

'T is thus I sing of an humble man,
But of noble virtues still,
A loyal heart, as staunch and strong,
As firm as Rattle Hill,
Such is Bill.

A type of Nature's sons now rare,
A soul as pure as our mountain air,
Here among New Hampshire hills,
A life as free as the game he kills.
That 's Bill.





"That's Bill"

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

AMI BROOK.

[A stream bordering the highway between Henniker and
Bradford, N. H.]

The racing, bubbling, gurgling stream
Purls on beside the way;
October banners o'er it gleam
In colors rare and gay.

The sunbeam glints its mimic tide
With shaft of painted light;
The moonbeam sends along its wave
Weird shadows of the night.

But still the tireless brook sings on,
Past meadow, wood, and hill,
All heedless of the night or day,
It recks not good or ill.

Pause by the stream and tell your wrongs,
Ye sorrowing ones of earth;
The Ami Brook will drown your woes,
With song of joyous mirth.

When those who love kneel by its wave,
And speak their heart words there,
The echo of the Ami Brook
Is sweeter than their prayer.

O forests guarding ever,
In figures grim and brave,
Know ye the sylph-like language
Of Ami's restless wave?

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

The song-birds carol in the trees,
The winds sough loud and long,
But Ami Brook alone gives forth
Eternal endless song.



TO THE WARNER HILLS.

Across the dear old Warner hills
The winds of God blow free and strong;
The hills that bore our father's food,
Tonight I give to thee a song.

Your rocky fissures have no gold,
Your rugged crests are grim and bare,
But still your granite bosoms hold
Treasures that to me are rare.

I love you for the names you bear;
I love you for the graves you shade,
And for memory of the friends of old
Whose homes upon your slopes were made.

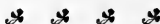
Tonight, beneath the summer stars,
I call the roll of olden time;
Some sleep amid magnolia bloom
And some in shadow of the pine.

A few still hold the broken line
That battles onward thro' life's ills,
And time can never dim the love
They feel for dear old Warner hills.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

And all are coming back again
To tread these grand old heights once more;
I hear their voices thro' the mist,
I see their boats upon the shore.

AUGUST, 1903.



THE LAMP OF MEMORY.

[Inscribed in Honor of Lieut. Frank B. Hutchinson of
Company E, who fell at Drury's Bluff.]

Memory's lamp is ever burning,
Guiding backward with its glow,
From the pulsing, throbbing present,
To the days of long ago.

From the placid, happy peacetime,
With its promise and its life,
Back behind the misty shadows,
To the grim old age of strife.

It glows upon your faces,
As you dress the line once more;
It lights again in heroes' eyes,
When you tell your stories o'er.

The beacon of your smoke talks
By the evening campfire blaze,
As you call the scenes before you
Of the grand old army days.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

On the Nation's glorious banner,
 'Neath which you fought and won,
It pictures from each sacred star
 The noble work you 've done.

Oh, your comrades lie behind you,
 All along your marching line,
Some beneath magnolia blossom,
 And some 'neath Carolina pine!

Where they fought and where they bivouacked,
 Where death's shadow o'er them fell,
Memory's lamp can guide you to them,
 She best of all their deeds can tell.

Veterans, soldiers, here I hail you,
 Faithful, brave, and loyal men!
You have heard your marching orders;
 You obey them now as then.

Toward the sunset ever moving,
 Going, going, one and all,
Sentry, squadron, hero column,
 Follow at Fate's trumpet call.

The story that is left behind you
 Shall be read in every age,
And at freedom's shrine be cherished
 A golden text on history's page.

With the sacred lamp of memory,
 By its ever guiding rays,
You can trace your footsteps backward,
 Live again your battle days.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Once more the tattoo at Cold Harbor,
There now the violet grows,
And where you charged at Drury's Bluff
Now buds in peace the rose.

Again Fort Fisher's bastions,
And the carnage of the mine,
Where today your comrades sleep
There blooms the columbine.

Where led the weary marches,
There now the robin sings;
Where burst the cannon's thunder,
Today the church bell rings.

Kind Mother Nature, grant our prayer!
Give honor to the brave!
May every year grow blossoms rare
O'er Hutchinson's lost grave!*

Oh, peace, your blessings e'er we prize!
To your gladsome ways we turn,
But ne'er forget those days of war,
While memory's lamp shall burn.

* His grave is unknown.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

**THE MONUMENT BY PATTEN BROOK AND THE
BROOK'S STORY.**

[This poem is dedicated to Miss Mary A. Walker, in memory of my friend, her father, Edwin R. Walker.]

INSCRIPTION.

"This monument, erected by the descendants of James Walker, marks the spot where the first settlement was made in Bedford by Robert and James Walker, in 1737."

Reared by reverential hands,
In memory of the olden day,
While granite lasts, shall the stone endure,
And bear the Walker name for aye.

Like sentinel, stern and brave it stands,
Guarding storied treasures, rare and old;
It recks not heat of summer noon,
Or piercing breath of winter cold.

Tho' sunset glory gilds it,
And o'er it sunrise banners gleam,
Yet heedless of the dawn or eve,
This sentry by the silvery stream.

And whether wild winds sing in glee,
Or night winds softly, sadly moan,
A legend of the days of old
Speaks from its chiseled lips of stone.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

In unison with the water nymph,
Which is singing ever near,
And her sylphlike liquid music
Falls sweet upon the ear.

In soft cadence ever purling,
Spoke from currents ever whirling,
Is heard a story quaint but dear,
Told from Nature's open book,
In song of historic Patten Brook.

Stroll there and list with me some day,
For its voice is never still,
And o'er and o'er it sings its lay,
As it flows past Walker Hill.

Rest here beside the granite stone,
Or in shadow of a pine,
And drink from out her golden horn
A draught of memory's wine.

Oh, lips that ever speak with love,
Let now thy voice be still,
And tear of recollection fall
For friends of mine who long ago
Left dear old Walker Hill.

One went who burnished life's grim shield
With kindness and good cheer;
He loved the forest and the stream,
Was loyal, brave, sincere.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

As friends pass on and leave us here,
The hope grows grand and strong,
That somewhere in a realm unseen,
In woodland shade or pasture green,
We 'll see the loved ones once again
We 've waited for so long.

This cheering, blessed, radiant thought,
May it on thy life e'er beam,
And whisper comfort to thy soul,
Like voice of the murmuring stream.

.

The Story Told by Patten Brook.

“Here tonight, in the twilight gloam,
Where once was the humble Walker home,
Where forest, vast and dark and grand,
Shadowed o'er the virgin land,
Gone, gone, the home and the woodland glory;
I am left alone to tell the story.

I 've measured many a century span,
Was murmuring here when time began;
Men have come and men have gone,
But still my waters are flowing on.

Flowing, flowing, ever flowing,
Seaward, seaward, ever going;
'Tho' days be short, or days be long,
Singing, singing Nature's song.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

I 've seen the moose go hurrying by,
Heard the panther's wild, fierce cry;
E'en now it seems to answer still,
To the bear's grim challenge on the hill.
Still arbutus pearls my brow
 With the glory of the spring;
Still in rich melody of song
 I hear the woodthrush sing.

The partridge still clucks to her young,
 Still the bluejays call,
Still the robin's song is sung,
When lustrous banners of the morn
 Throw golden glory over all.

But the giant pines, where the red men camped,
 The oaks upon the hill,
All, all, have vanished now for aye,
 Torn by the white man's mill.

Long, long ago, two brothers came;
 The soil was deep and rich and strong,
The waters swarmed with speckled trout,
 The woods were teeming with wild game.

So here they built an humble home;
 They hewed it from the forest pine,
And sought to live by honest toil,
 Thought not of fame or wealth of mine,
These brothers who were first to come.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Their axes echoed 'mid the trees,
Their Scottish songs broke on the breeze.
They wakened at the cuckoo's call,
 They wrought from morn till eve,
And when the shades of night would fall,
 They slept on a bed of leaves.

They were men of sturdy strength and will,
And the fields they cleared still bloom;
The trees they set still bear rich fruit,
On the slopes of Walker Hill.

Perhaps a lingering Indian,
 Lurking along the stream,
Saw thro' the gathering mist of night
 Their lonely campfire gleam,

And muttered, "Aye, it is my doom,
The white man's home is the red man's tomb.
Soon I must vanish with my clan,
Like the beast I slew; my race I 've ran;
Oh, Manito, my God, my Friend,
Protect my people to the end."

The same with him as all mankind,
Whene'er disaster hovers nigh,
The simple savage looks on high,
And 'neath affliction's scourging rod,
Appeals to Manito, his God."

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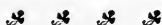
The robin sings at break of day,
But the forest glories have passed away;

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Arbutus blooms along the rill,
But lights are out and hearts are still
On the crest of dear old Walker Hill.

But yet the brook runs to the sea,
And singing ever to you and me,
In Nature's pure and rythmic word
The voice of the water nymph is heard.

O Patten Brook, flow on, flow on,
Forever, as in ages gone!
And in your sylphic, murmuring tone
The story tell
To him who rests by the chiseled stone!



CHARMS OF KINNICUM SWAMP.

[Dedicated to my old friend, Freem Godfrey.]

All old boys who 've carried a gun,
Heard a coon-dog bark, seen a fox-dog run,
Who 've loved by night or day to romp,
Have sometime been in Kinnicum swamp.

A thousand acres of wooded land,
Some of it bog, and some of it sand:
The chosen haunt of all wild game,
It hence derives its Indian name.

I 've been there, yes, a hundred times,
And heard that sweetest of all chimes,
The dogs on the track with their lungs in play;
The dogs at the tree with the coon at bay.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

I 've heard the queen of voices sing;
 Heard the richest bell notes ring;
Heard the grandest chorus swell;
 Heard everything but the Rebel yell,

But no sweeter sound e'er came to me,
 Than the grand old coon-dog at a tree.
Thro' Kinnicum in nights gone by,
 I 've tramped with "John B."* and with "Hi."†

Hunters to the manner born;
 Though passed from life, their fame lives on;
O Time, roll back, give us once more,
 Those goodly men from the other shore!

One night with them; one blissful run
 Thro' Kinnicum swamp, with dog and gun!
One night with "Scout" or "Bose" or "Jack"!
 One joyous hour on the raccoons' track!

Those dogs were worth their weight in gold;
 What pity 't is dogs must grow old;
What pity 't is the dog's life span
 Is not as great as that of man.

All too soon as he comes to be
 The pride and joy of his master's eye,
He 's reached age limit
 And soon must die.

Ah, me! It 's cruel fate's decree,
 Dear friends and the noble dogs are gone;
Their faces we no more shall see
 Tho' coons in Kinnicum swamp live on.

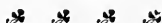
* Col. John B. Clarke.

† Hiram P. Young.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

But sometimes in the hunting days,
When leaves are rich with tints of gold,
I wander there—no dog—no gun—
And dream of friends and days of old.

I call the roll, and none appear.
Thro' autumn air a whisper comes,
"The hunters and their dogs are near."



'SQUOG RIVER'S SONG.

Why do you sing, 'Squog River,
Eternal notes of glee?
Why the music of your waves
As you journey to the sea?

Do you hear the call above you
Of the wood bird, clear and strong?
And from your pulsing bosom
Do you answer with a song?

Do you hear the night wind sighing
O'er the meadows, weird and drear?
And to drown its weary sorrow
Do you lend your voice of cheer?

Do you speak the praises ever
Of Him who to you gave
The mystic, sylphic language
Of your surging, restless wave?

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Do you murmur from your crystal lips,
So sweet and yet so cold,
The glory of the June-time green
Or sheen of autumn gold?

If not for these thy melody
And its purling, liquid ring,
Then pause, O busy river,
And tell me why you sing?

SEPTEMBER, 1907.



TO MY OLD CLASSMATE, EDWIN A. JONES.

DEAR FRIEND:—The quoted lines in stanza first are from
your letter of September 7, 1905.

IS IT BEDTIME, "HERR"?

My friend, I feel it more and more,
As months and years pass on,
"It 's getting almost bedtime,
Some have already gone."

And often on the evening air,
A whisper comes to me;
May it not be the murmured prayer
Of those we cannot see?

Ere yet the western skies were red,
They lit their lamps and went to bed.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

And sometimes in my musings,
When night her tent has spread,
I feel their shadows near me,
Our honored, blessed dead.

And maybe they are calling,
Dear "Doc," and "Ken," and Fred,
To us, who now are weary,
"Your lights burn low,
Oh, come to bed!

"For here is naught of sorrow,
Or lingering, wasting pain;
We rest until the morrow,
And then we rise again.

"And when we 've slept the night-time thro'
We 'll hear upon the hill,
The tone of 'Vox Clamantis,'
Our dear old chapel bell."

But, "Herr," our task is still undone,
The fruit ungathered from the vine,
We must heed the duty call,
Must linger in the line.

So here tonight, my friend, I pledge
And drink once more to you,
The old, old love, it 's glass to glass;
Work while the skies are blue.

MAY 25, 1908.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

**TO EDWIN A. JONES, ESQ., MY BELOVED CLASS-
MATE, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.**

Dear Herr, I drink a silent toast,
As my lone glass I raise.

You have my heart; 't is thine tonight,
O friend of college days.

Not "bedtime" yet, altho' the west
Shows tint of sunset gold.

O Allah, grant us many a year
Before our tents we fold.

JUNE 25, 1908.



LOYALTY.

When the shades of sorrow fall,
And gloom hangs o'er him like a pall,
When luck tide turns against your friend,
Be faithful, loyal to the end.

When star of hope fades from the sky,
And ruin and despair are nigh,
And wreck of fortune is in view,
Oh, then be loyal, then be true.

There is no brand of royal wine,
No diamond from an Afric mine,
No gold from Montezuma land,
More valued than the loyal hand.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

No blessing of a gracious Lord,
No hope held forth in Sacred Word,
No promise of a blissful Heaven,
Worth more than loyal friendship given.

The jewels in a prince's crown,
May glow and sparkle in the light,
But when the shades of evening fall,
They 're dead and darksome as the night.

But loyalty glows on for aye;
It burns in darkness as in day,
'Tween friend and friend it cannot die,
Fixed as Polaris in the sky.

On honor's graven crest,
Is carved an emblem grand;
It glows in steadfast eye,
And thrills in clasp of hand.

It speaks devotion ever,
To him who is your friend,
"Be firm, be brave, be faithful,
Be loyal to the end!"

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

FREEM.

[Scores of oldtimers, who in years ago have hunted through Kinnicum Swamp, guided and cared for by I. F. Godfrey, familiarly and lovingly called Freem, will perhaps appreciate these lines.]

Just what sincerity can be
And kindly thought for fellowmen,
True in mind and heart as steel,
True to his part in Nature's scheme,
That 's Freem.

Clean, no taint of wicked world,
Frank and open as flag unfurled,
Goodwill the motor of his life,
Propeller stronger far than steam,
That 's Freem.

I 've known him now for thirty years,
In times of joy and times of tears;
Acts, words, and thoughts
Just what to all the world they seem,
That 's Freem.

Together we tramped thro' wood and dell,
Heard the red fox bark and the wildcat yell,
Heard the dogs on the track when the game was **nigh**,
Heard the raccoons call when the moon was **high**,
Both Freem and I.

Lover of Nature from a child,
Of open land and forest wild,
Of forms of life that in them teem
By daylight and by pale moonbeam,
That 's Freem.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Of *bon-homme* makeup grand and stout,
The string of his latch is always out;
With gladsome, welcome, open hand,
Ready to guide as a gem to gleam,
That 's Freem.

Old boy, we cannot spare you here,
We need your staunch and honest heart,
We need you just for what you seem,—
A friend to count on,
Steadfast Freem.

Stay with us thro' the darksome night,
Until the glorious morning light,
Stay with us till we cross the stream,
And ever be the man of old,
Be Freem.



TO JOE BOWIE, ON HIS SIXTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY.

We drink to the health of a hero tonight,
To a man in a thousand, our vows we shall plight,
Joe Bowie, who stood like Mt. William Rock,
And gave ball for ball in battle's fierce shock.

Joe Bowie, I remember the year '62,
When you marched off to war with your helmet of blue,
When you swore you would kill every rebel you saw
Or get killed yourself in the tempest of war.

By the broad Shenandoah you helped little Phil
Put the rebels to rout, over Opequan Hill,

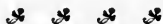
BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Where bullets flew thickest, Joe Bowie was there;
Where shells screamed the loudest, Joe Bowie was there.
Said Phil, says he, "Joe, how 's 't going; can you tell?"
Said Joe, says he, "Phil, we are giving 'em hell."

And so you danced through that grim battle quadrille,
Till no Johnny was left whose blood you could spill,
And then, being weary, reclined on the ground,
Little Phil on his foaming black charger rode 'round.

Phil took off his hat and what do you think,
Drew his flask from his pocket, and said, "Joe, have a drink."
But, friends, I presume you have had quite enough,
Of what you will call a cheap sort of guff.

The rest that I say comes straight from my heart.
A better man, a truer friend, we none of us shall know,
Than he, whose hand we take tonight, and say, "God bless you,
Joe!"
God bless you, Joe! May years and years of pleasure come and
go,
Before your friends must say at last, "Farewell, farewell, dear
Joe."



**AT JOE BOWIE'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY ANNI-
VERSARY THIS RESPONSE WAS GIVEN.**

Tho' now we 're getting a little old,
We 'll soon be gathered within the fold,
But while we 're here we 'll live like men,
And be to each other as we 've always been,
Staunch and true to the danger point,
Staunch and true 'till our lives unjoint.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

TO THE WAR VETERANS.

[Delivered at their field-day meeting, September 28, 1905.]

Go back with me thro' mist of years,
Years of gladness, years of tears;
Years when wrong suppressed the right,
Years of peace and joy and light.

Years when freemen heard the call
To rid the land of slavery's thrall;
Years when 'neath the dark war cloud,
The loyal hope seemed almost vain;
Years when, in the battle storm,
Your comrades fighting at your side,
Fell to the ground like drops of rain.

Years when boys from off the farm,
And from the counter and the mill,
Heard Lincoln's call at war's alarm,
And sprang in line the ranks to fill.

You each can tell a battle story,
You each have fought on fields of glory;
You all have won a lasting fame,
For history ne'er forgets brave names.
In dreams you live those days again;
The weary march, the deadly strife,
The army scenes, the army life.

It's in my heart to call the roll
Of brave men by the score.
But it would be an idle verse—
It's oft been done before.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Have you stood on "Little Round Top"?
Seen where the battle flood
Surged grimly up the rocky heights,
Then ebbd again a tide of blood?

Seen the "copse of trees," "high-water mark,"
Where Pettigrew and Armstead fell?
Where the victorious Union cheer
Rose high above the Rebel yell?

In those awful July days,
When the whole nation bowed in prayer,
There are men upon your roll today
Who fought through the battle there.

Who met Pickett's charging column,
Who stormed the Devil's Den,
Who stood as teeth in the "Lion's mouth,"
Which devoured Early's men.

'T was at this fated battle call,
Vermonters gave their fierce reply.
It spoke from Doolin's iron face,
And Beach's brave blue eye.

Warriors from our sister state,
You have our hearts today;
You have not lost your fighting zeal,
Tho' now your locks are gray.

Oh, heroes! I can't help it,
It's in my soul to cheer;
And, meter or no meter,
I say, "God bless you here."

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

It 's just this way I always feel;
When I talk with men
Who 've caught the cannon's breath,
And stood up against cold steel.

.

One was not at Gettysburg, yet his name
Is on his country's scroll of fame;
Wounded on the battlefield—
His place in the line he would not yield;
When ordered by his captain to the rear,
He bravely gave the answer back,
"I stay with the colors; I stay here."

While his arm had strength and his eye had sight
That man was on the field to *fight*,
Hero of an heroic age—
Let 's give three cheers for David Page!

One more name, a friend of old,
A soldier of heroic mould,
"Crist" Perry stood by his battery gun;
Howe'er the tide of battle turned,
He never flinched or flunked or run.

I 've a word of love for brave old "Crist,"
Near fifty years it 's been my joy
To shake his horny, honest fist;
Your health, old boy, give me your hand,
There 's honor in your soldier name,
An honor little less than fame.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Our words are weaker than our deeds,
Tho' 't is little we can do;
But in our hearts a knightly homage
Lingers still for the boys of '62.

I look in eyes before me now
A little dim with age,
Which, in the fighting days of old,
Glowed fierce with battle rage.

The fallow furrows have been turned,
And the ripe grain gathered in;
But still you stand before the world
As brave and worthy men.

I see a shattered column,
They 're falling day by day;
Ere long the last man in the line
Will drop beside the way.

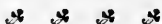
Close up the ranks, nor break the step,
You leave sad hearts behind;
But comrades of your army days
In other lands you 'll find.

Dear old army! Its memory yet
Has place within your heart;
As in the sturdy days of old,
Of your lives it is a part.

Its tents are struck, its drums are still,
No campfires blaze upon the hill;
Its rescued banners wave on high,
But no charging line gives battle cry.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Good-night, good-night, may the stars shine bright
When the evening sun goes down;
May every army man at last
Wear Fame's eternal crown.



WHAT CHEER?

[Delivered before the Manchester Historical Society October 19, 1904.]

“What cheer?” said Chief Canonicus,
When the white man's boat touched shore;
What cheer for a doomed and stricken race,
Whose sun would rise no more?

Their fires burned bright, o'er hill and plain,
Three hundred years ago;
But few are left to tell their tale
Of bitterness and woe.

The white man's cheer foreboded ill,
Deceit and gruesome wrong;
What wonder that they sought revenge,
When they had suffered long.

The soil they trod was theirs by right
And tenet of the law;
Who blames them if to save their own
They lit the torch of war?

They lived and fought within the shade
Of forests, dark and dim;
No quarter asked, no quarter gave;
'T was warfare, fierce and grim.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Thro' centuries of flame and blood
The din of battle raged;
No race stood longer at their guns,
Or fiercer fight e'er waged.

From tree to tree, from rock to rock,
Their lines were swept along;
Until at last Pacific waves
Beat time to their death song.

I don't condone their savage acts,
Their wrongs I will allow;
They burned their victims at the stake;
We hear of such things now.

But wisdom's teachings were not theirs;
They were hidden from its light;
Their ways were paths of darkness;
They were shrouded in the night.

Not for the world would I wrongly smirch
The fame of the fathers grand,
But still, I say, by direful means
They gained the Indian's land.

Too often in those early days
Did they yield their simple trust
To the white man's artful practice,
Lured by his rum and lust.

And, furthermore, 'twixt race and race,
Let right and honor win;
Nor blot the truth from history's page,
Because of their copper skin.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

O'er Narragansett's surging wave,
One darksome night each year,
Canonicus from his lonely grave
Sends plaintive call, "What cheer?"

What cheer for a race once grand in strength,
And grand in its domain;
Now buried 'neath oblivion's shade,
Never to rise again?

But few are left of all the tribes
Who played that grim war game,
Though rivers, lakes, and mountain peaks
Still bear the Indian name.

Tradition kindly lends her aid,
Where history does not,
To save a lost and ruined race
From being quite forgot.

Clans, weird and strange, in friendship true,
In rage far fiercer than the beasts they slew;
With them kind deeds forever stood,
While wrongs were e'er atoned with blood.

And who shall judge? None here on earth;
But in the courts of heaven
The red man's and the paleface's sins
By Him may be forgiven.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

THE BACCHANALIAN BULLFROG.

Resting here by the Badger Spring,
Where 't is joy for me to stay,
My memory turns from the bubbling pool
Back to the old-time day,

Back to the time when the Badger home
Gave always gladsome cheer,
Their latchstring out, hearts big and warm,
No stint of welcome here.

The mug of cider on the hearth,
The apples in the pan,
And all the gifts of Mother Earth
Spoke the soul of a goodly man.

A man of many virtues,
On him no shade of sin,
Near ninety years he trod these hills,
Lived but more friends to win.

He won them, not as men gain fame,
O'er path of rock and thorn,
But with gentle spirit of a child,
To nature's manner born.

We loved to hear the stories quaint,
As told by this dear old man;
No volume ever half so prized,
As lines from his long life span.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

'T was here beside this pure, cool spring,
He drew from memory's log,
And told in reminiscent words,
The story of the frog.

I give it mostly as he spoke,
'T is better so to tell,
For language of the books and schools
Would sound not half as well.

"I vum," he said, "this 'ere old spring
My mem'ry allus fills,
With thoughts of many good old friends,
Who worked upon these hills.

"Yes, George was one—your father,
Bill Annis, a boy named 'Hen';
They'd swing with venom at the scythe
From six o'clock till ten.

"Then from the house would luncheon come,
(My mem'ry 's right, I think;)
We 'd sit beside the spring right here,
And eat and rest and drink.

"Yes, drink, I said—did you ask what?
Not water, pocky fool!
But Medford Rum from out the jug,
Placed there to keep it cool.

"One day we 'd mowed the morning thro',
And then I had 'em bring
Their scythes and rifles and set down
Right here beside the spring.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

“The food had come, and in the pool,
I swan, I have it now,
A gallon brown stone jug,
And, too, upon the rock right there,
A half pint pewter mug.

“We ate our lunch; had a drink all round,
Stood up to whet the scythe,
When in the spring clus to the jug,
As sure as I ’m alive,

“Legs half as long as yourn, my boy,
Head like a big back log,
Eyes the size of a whale-oil lamp,
Rose up an old bullfrog.

“Bill Annis said (I ’d like to see him,
I would, I van, I vum),
He said, ‘Jest for a little sport,
I ’ll give the frog some rum.’

“’T was done; the pocky frog seemed glad,
Took kindly to Bill’s joke,
Jumped right into the water there,
With one grand bullfrog croak.

“Well, well! Will wonders never cease?
Next day beside the spring,
We sat as usual for a rest,
And to eat what wife might bring.

“We passed the jug with word of cheer,
And, boy, what do you think?
That same old bullfrog hopped up, too,
And opened his mouth for a drink.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

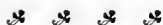
"He got it, and I tell you now,
As true as I 'm a man,
Each day thro' that hot July month
He had his rum, I van.

"And, John, soon as the sun was down,
And dark of night had come,
I heard right here that bullfrog call,
'More rum! More rum!! More rum!!!'"

Now, friends, my story 's strictly true,
Of this you may be sure;
And if that frog is still alive,
He needs the Keeley Cure.

Dear uncle, he has long been gone,
He mingles with his kind,
And none of all the loved and lost
Left purer life behind.

The maples which he set are there,
The spring flows on the same,
And memories fond will rest for aye
O'er Sargent Badger's name.



THE OLD MARCH MEETING DAY.

[Read at the Amoskeag Old Home Day, August 26, 1905.]

I am a moss-back, thoroughbred,
From the sole of my foot to the top of my head;
I believe in the good, old-fashioned way
Of my father's, grandfather's, and great-grandfather's day.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

But if the moss grows on my back,
A little powder I do not lack,
And with it I mean to blaze away
At certain features of today.

My special growl, if you carefully note,
Is about the manner in which I vote;
But as tribute first from my heart I 'll say
A word for the old-fashioned March Meeting Day.

The old March Meeting, with its fights and brawls,
Its oranges and cider, and pop-corn balls;
'T was there I ate my first gingerbread bar,
'T was there I smoked my first cigar.

We 'd travel many a mile today,
To see an election in the same old way;
To hear the reading of the call
By the moderator in the old town hall.

To see thro' tobacco-laden air,
The dear old Parson rise in prayer,
And pray that God might give them light
To walk in ways of truth and right.

But ways of right in politics
Are filled with thorny, picked sticks,
And oft the good man's fervent prayer
Fell dead on the murky March day air.

To see the gathering of the clans,
Each party bound to elect its man.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

The check-list battle; we old fellows know
A word would often bring a blow;
But still would right sometimes prevail,
And wrong would just as often fail.

Oh, how they worked in the cold March night
On jobs that would not bear the light.
Here was a man to stow away,
Here a patriot must have his pay,

Perhaps in shape of a five-dollar bill,
Or a barrel of flour would do as well;
The most honest souls in a business way,
Would play cards to win on election day.

I see around me strong, true men,
Whose boast through life has always been,
That their word was good as their bond or note,
But they 'd storm a graveyard to get a vote.

I 've memory of a sick, old man,
Just ready to ride in a funeral van,
Borne to the polls to save the day,
Which led the wag, "Dud" Lull, to say—
"How deep was the frost where you dug him up, pray?"

Before the day of grafts and rings,
Voters had the power of kings;
Had manly ways to gain their ends,
Their weapons were ballots in free men's hands.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

No cumbersome booth and candle-stick game,
The devil's invention just the same;
But fair and open stand-up fight,
Best man to win in broad daylight.

No flim-flam bunco of Jack and straw;
No fake Australian ballot law.

How is it now? When the humble voter
Goes to the polls, if haply his name is on the roll,
He must pass a cordon through gates and bars;
Pass policemen with billies and stars.

And be led like a donkey
To a dim-lighted stall,
Grove like a blind man,
And be mighty lucky if he votes at all.

Does not this monster, without color or mark,
Which never was listed in Noah's ark,
No kind of animal, fish or fowl,
Deserve a moss-back's savage growl?

Of the good old times when majority ruled,
The memories we have stored;
And often they would vote three days
Before the best men scored.

The horse-shed dicker; the swapping knives;
The wrestling bout when men staked their lives
On who would stand or who would fall,
In the ring in front of the old Town Hall.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

The booth where cider, strong and cold,
Between the heats was always sold;
Which sometimes made them lose their way,
Going home Town Meeting Day.

The cradle of historic names;
Here Franklin Pierce first gained his fame;
Here Billy Chandler learned to fight,
And Daniel Webster rose to might.

"Cy" Sulloway, grand as he is tall,
Learned politics in the old Town Hall;
Him the Veterans, in their loving way,
Think the biggest man in the world today.

Perhaps they are not wholly right,
But in the short and in the long,
Perhaps they are not wholly wrong.

Hen Putney learned to catch hot flies,
And pitch curved ball
With the bulldog pluck of a center rush,
Which has stood him well
In many a game of Put and call,
At the old Town Meeting in Dunbarton Hall.

Oh, the good old voting, fighting days!
When men were not caged and stalled
Like sheep in a pen!

"We have them now," do you reply?
We have a moon left in the sky;
And men can argue if they please,
The moon is but a big, green cheese,
And can prove it just as clear,
As that old-time voting days are here.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Say a star is brighter than the sun;
That rivers back to the hills can run;
But don't compare, I beg and pray,
The old-time fair and open way
With the voting shambles of today.

Oh, for the times of Tilden and Hendricks!
Before politics had this vermiform appendix!
Alas! for Franklin Pierce's day,
Jeff Davis in the Cabinet, and the devil to pay!

Now, I may be stepping on someone's toes;
I may be mobbed, God only knows;
But I stand here, with heart that 's brave,
And speak old memories to save

Of those who 've gone and left a name,
Embalmed in Honor's sacred Fame;
Who knew the ways of truth and right,
And kept them as they had the light.

Viewed from this Twentieth Century height,
Perhaps, the new plan may be right;
Perchance, the still remaining few,
Who prefer the old scheme to the new,

Are out of place and out of tune,
As snowbanks in the month of June;
But still I say, in my humble way,
Call back the old March Meeting Day.

Oh! there are curses on our land,
The potato bug on every hand,
A moth which makes us scratch and swear,
With but a morsel of its hair.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

A ballot system on such a plan,
As to cause a pious Godly man
To speak profanely in His sight,
For fear he has not marked it right,
And the counters will use it for a kite.

This is a moss-back's final growl;
Take it like weaether, fair or foul;
Take it and feel there 's no alarm;
If it does no good, it will do no harm.

I see a future for us all,
A bright and golden way;
Our names all checked, our votes all cast,
As in old March Meeting days.

Where the rich man and the poor man
Stand equal, side by side;
Heaven's blessing on them all;
To them God's grace betide.

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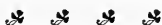
Old Amoskeag, your history
Is a record of the brave;
And every night the sunset rays
Glint John Stark's humble grave.

The banners in your churchyard,
Tell where the heroes lie;
Oh, may they wave forever,
And your brave names never die!

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Old Amoskeag, your star arose
Two centuries ago;
Nor yet in all the passing years,
Has its bright light ceased to glow.

While the Queen City on her throne
Gains honors rich and fast,
Oh, may she cherish more and more,
The mother of her past.



A HAMMOCK REVERY.

Within my hammock swinging,
'Neath shade of the poplar tree,
While summer winds from off the hills
Blow softly over me,

I yield myself to Fancy,
Let Memory have her sway,
And in their sweet companionship,
Dream on the livelong day.

I muse and muse;
I dream and dream;
And in their magic, subtle spell,
Another than myself I seem.

My dreaming is of boyish life,
Existence free from toil and strife;
Of boyish hopes and boyish fears;
All, all have vanished in the years.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Friends and foes, and cares and joys,
Teachers, lovers, girls, and boys,
Gone the pleasures and the tears,
Vanished, vanished in the years.

And will they e'er come back again,
Across Time's dark and dreary plain?
Ah, no! They 're buried from our sight,
Wrapped in the Past's eternal night.



THE MANITO.

You who worship in cathedrals,
'Neath minaret and dome,
Who in cloistered cell and convent
Find solace and a home,

Whose life is in the litany,
And in masses chanted low,
Do you know the legend story
Of the Indian Manito?

You who go on Sabbath mornings
To the Christian house of prayer,
And breathe the heavenly incense
Of the solemn Sunday air,

Who list to righteous teachings,
And the ways of goodness know,
Has it ever once been taught you
Of the Indian Manito?

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

When you ramble in the summer,
Where idle fancy wills,
View the glory of the sunset
Behind the templed hills,

And the grandeur of the morning,
With its sunrise, golden glow,
You see the blessing and the smile
Of the Indian Manito.

Oh, children of a gilded age!
When wisdom's fountains flow,
Do you read as clear on Nature's page
As he who worshiped Manito?

Oh, you, who dwell in castles,
And count your hoarded gold,
And build your massive churches,
Have you ever heard it told

How the red men in the forest,
Unlettered, poor and low,
Saw in Nature's cosmic forces
Their God, the Manito?

Oh, Manito! Great Manito!
God of the Indian wild!
His soul was yours; he worshiped you;
He was your humble child.

He trusted that when life was o'er,
And he had passed the bound,
You 'd welcome him to peace at last,
In the happy hunting ground.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

A simple faith,
By wild hearts given,
But voices sometimes say to me,
That faith gained promise sure of Heaven.

What, though we differ in our views,
And differ in our creed,
The Blessed One, who rules above,
Supplies to each his need.

And though He hear the wild man call,
Or rich and noble lord,
He is the same to one and all,
The Manito, the God.



THE VERMONTERS' JOKE AND OTHER VERSES.

[Read at War Veterans' Campfire, March 2, 1905.]

A Jersey regiment brigaded
With a camp of Vermont Yanks,
Whose mutton in the dark they 'd take,
And leave not even shanks.

So one black night, 't was rigged and planned,
That when they played the hog,
They should abstract, not tender lamb,
But the carcass of a dog.

The scheme worked well, the meat was swiped,
And fried, and boiled, and stewed:
The Jersey boys at once set to,
And chewed, and chewed, and chewed.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

And as they worked their weary jaws,
They said, with many a damn,
"Those cussed Vermont boys have killed,
And we stole the 'Derby ram.'"

But they gulped it down with wince and grin,
And you can safely bet,
That chunks of that tough bull-dog steak
Are in their stomachs yet.

Oh, how the Vermont boys would yell,
And raise a hue and cry,
And bark like curs, and bay like hounds,
When the Jersey line marched by.

Do you ask, "Is this a fable,
Is it written on the log?"
I was not there, but Doolin was,
And I think he killed the dog.

.

Soldiers of the veteran legion,
Your lives are as a story told;
And though in service many years,
Your loyal hearts have not grown cold.

Your sabers may be rusted,
And in march your step be slow,
But still you have the battle fervor,
As in days of long ago.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

As you live your campaigns over,
And heroic deeds renew,
You seem today the same young heroes,
That you were in '62.

As you stood in battle column,
Waiting hostile cannon's breath,
So today you still are waiting,
For the grim old foeman, Death.

What 's the need of e'er repining,
What 's the use to shed a tear
For old comrades? They are near you;
List, and you 'll their voices hear!

Hear them cheer as in the old time,
When in days of battle hell,
They beat back the charging column,
With its savage Rebel yell.

Do you dream, O veteran soldiers,
When the night winds o'er you blow,
Of the marching and the fighting,
More than forty years ago?

Of the elbow touch of comrades,
Who charged with you up the hill,
To rest upon the field forever,
Honored soldiers' graves to fill?

Does the same old frenzy seize you,
As when you saw the brave boys fall,
Struck by canister and grape shot,
Or by Rebel minie ball?

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Do you rally round the colors,
Swear that every man shall die,
Before the Rebel host shall capture,
Dear "Old Glory" of the sky?

Dear "Old Glory," gaze upon it,
For you saved its sacred fold;
And its constellation 's larger
Than it was in days of old.

Tell your boys to guard it bravely,
For your battle days are o'er;
Over worthy sons of heroes,
It shall float forever more.

From Atlantic in the Eastward,
Far across Pacific sea,
It shall wave a blessed emblem,
Glorious banner of the free.

Veterans, you have won your medals,
In the cause of truth and right;
Wear them proudly on your bosoms,
Till the bugle sounds "Lights out."—Good-night.



THE TRIUMPH OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

[Delivered at the one-hundredth anniversary of the opening of the Amoskeag canal.]

What epochs fill the path of time!
How swift they came in their silent flight!
Nations have been born in a day,
And disappeared in a single night.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

A man has risen to a throne,
Smote kingdoms with resistless power,
But died an exile, poor, alone,
His wreck the work of a single hour.

Fortuna seems the queen of fate,
She holds us at her beck and call,
On some she showers promise grand,
While some by her decree must fall.

'T is of a people I would sing,
And tell their story here tonight,
Loyal, steadfast, sturdy, brave,
Unconquered in the flood of years,
They 've held their course,
To place of glory and of might.

Wherever genius' flashing ray
Beams like a bright star from on high,
There in its cheering, gladsome glow,
As ages come and ages go,
Their native emblems grace the sky.

A thousand years in the march of time,
They 've held their steady onward pace,
Their faces ever to the fore,
The blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon race.

Not 'neath boasted burnished crest,
Or with heraldry's grim pride,
But with the symbols of their faith,
The church and schoolhouse, side by side.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Where'er their native songs are heard,
And where the Saxon banners call,
There 's freedom, richest gift of God,
And peace her blessings showers on all.

E'er advancing, and achieving,
No cease of labor, and no rest;
Their column moving onward, onward,
Follows the star of empire west.

That star the signal of their will,
The index light of Destiny,
Moving, beaming, leading, guiding,
It never sinks behind the hill.

There 's giant strength in his sturdy arm,
The flash of genius in his mind,
There 's valor in the Saxon heart,
He leaves the world behind.

In the conflicts of the ages,
In the test of right and wrong,
Courage, reason, virtue, manhood,
Have made the Saxon column strong.

O'er the flood of time and fortune,
Their ships have sailed with treasure rare,
Cargoes richer than from India,
Ever coming, ever going,
What, tho' winds blew ill or fair!

Stores of learning, ripe, abundant,
Plucked from wisdom's fruited tree,
Fleets of power, stronger, grander,
Than e'er floated on the sea.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Lessons that the other nations
Have garnered from the sturdy vine,
'Til now the rights of man are sacred,
In far Cathay and on the Rhine.

Listen as your thoughts turn backward
O'er the works that they have done,
You will hear their legions cheering,
And their sentry's challenge given,
And the echo of their footsteps,
From the fields that they have won.

View the cities they have builded,
View their banners floating free,
From Britannia in the eastward,
Far across Pacific sea.

Thro' the vista of the ages,
Comes the tocsin, loud and clear,
All along the line of progress,
"The Anglo-Saxon race are here."

Where'er on history's page is told
The triumph of the right and good,
In forum or on battlefield,
There sparkles Anglo-Saxon blood.

Ever planning, ever doing,
First and foremost in the van;
Theirs to act and theirs to reason,
Theirs to guard the rights of man.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

From that far-off eastern country,
From that dim and misty age,
Came the race, that 's made a story
Proud and grand on history's page.

Living in this brilliant era,
In the Twentieth Century span,
Our lives seem rounded, nobler, grander,
With more love for one another,
More help for our fellow man.

We clearer read the golden text,
We hear its precepts say,
"Extend the kindly, friendly hand,
Be just and true for aye."

No word e'er spoken now or then,
Nobler, truer, more Divine
Than the blessed salutation,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

This sentiment must have held his heart,
When as the savage tide of war
Broke fierce o'er Korea's fated hill,
Our Anglo-Saxon President
Said to the raging waves, "Be still."

Raised his hand, bade the storm to cease,
Breathed again the immortal words,
"Let us have peace,
Let us have peace."

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Ceased the clouds of war to thunder,
Ebb'd the battle's angry flood;
No more the fervid carnage fever,
No more the cannons' lips drank blood.

Such act as that indeed must stand
Forever on historic page,
Expression beautiful and grand,
Of the land of the church and schoolhouse.
Fit climax of our Christian age.

Words worthy of the speaker,
Worthy of his exalted place,
Worthy of his mother tongue,
And worthy of his race!

.

Go back with me a hundred years,
View the fathers' works in the days of old!
Their forces linger with us still,
Tho' now the builders are far away,
Beyond the sunset's sheen of gold.

The Indian, who scaled yon falls,
In search of prey,
To keep the fangs of the hunger-wolf away,
Had scarcely vanished o'er the hills,
Ere broke upon the virgin land
The light of the Anglo-Saxon day.

They bound the river torrent,
Subdued it to their will;
Reared first the church and schoolhouse,
And then they built the mill.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Five hundred thousand spindles,
Where once the red man wooed;
Grand structures, massive buildings;
Engines pulsing, throbbing, driving,
Where the humble wigwam stood.

While down our broad, grand Appian way
Are coming, coming every day,
Rich tribute of the loom and land,
Planned by the Anglo-Saxon brain,
And wrought by guidance of his hand.

.

Monuments and mausoleums, statues in the **halls**
of fame,
Shall stand in lasting honor
To the Anglo-Saxon name;
Ours their ideals, ours their teachings,
These the legacy they gave.
Their story grand, their race and tongue,
Our glory 't is to save.

The vigor of their manhood,
The strength of nerve and brain,
The blood the centuries gave us,
Thro' the ages shall remain.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

THE REV. S. C. KIMBALL.

[Dedicated to our old-time Pastor, Teacher and Friend, on his seventieth birthday, recalling the old game of "Round Ball."]

"Come, boys, let 's rally once again!"
I hear our teacher call;
"Choose sides, coats off, get ready there,
A royal game of ball!"
No gaudy uniform; few rules;
No czarish umpire man;
But bat the sphere across the yard,
And tally if you can;
No call of fouls;
'T was hit or miss and heaps of noise and fun,
I 'd give my hat once more to see
My friend, the parson, run.

For tho' the seal of honesty
Was on his manly face,
Despite the eighth commandment,
He often *stole*—a base.

When up against a pitcher,
(Now mind, my story 's pat)
He 'd smite and sway with all his might;
He was awful at a bat.

And some still must remember
That scene of jolly fun,
When he shouted to Ed Everett,
"Run, Bemus! *Run!* RUN! RUN! !"

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Those glad events of schooldays
Deep in our hearts are burned,
To linger ever bright and clear
Until the glass is turned.

Oh, friend, how fondly do we cling
To memories of the old;
How thro' the past they flash and glow
Like sheen of burnished gold.

How oft dear faces come again,
Our teachers grand and true,
The girls we loved as schoolboys will,
"Hatt," Nettie, Jen, and "Sue."

The maples still are standing,
The river sings below,
The dear old schoolhouse just the same
As forty years ago.

And should you speak to us again,
With voice of hope and cheer,
Tho' some have fallen by the way,
Perhaps we all would hear.

The pulpit steps were narrow,
But each was a step of love;
So is it with life's pathway,
Peace, rest, and joy above.

As we see but days before us,
And count that years have gone,
Still more we feel God o'er us,
We know He 'll guide us on.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

So here a toast I offer,
With glass filled to the brim,
Dipped from Piscataquog's deep pool,
Where I loved to fish and swim.

That dear old river of the hills,
What reck's it of life's cares or ills!
Singing e'er the song of joy
I heard when but a barefoot boy.

Age has its joys, its blessings,
Its friendships, tried and true;
On this your natal morning
I pledge them all to you!

JULY 21, 1908.



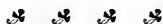
THE SALE OF THE COLBY FARM.

The dear old farm at last is sold;
Sold for a paltry sum of gold;
Sold at a bargain; sold for gain;
And naught but memories now remain.

The home where every virtue grew,
Where those who, ever good and true,
To sick and weary comfort gave,
Is now as silent as a grave.

The broad and spacious, cheery hall,
Where kindly welcome greeted all,
The pallid moonbeam fills at night
With dreary, dreamy, ghostly light.

As I sit here, thinking, thinking,
In the twilight's solemn gloam.
Musing, musing, dreaming, dreaming,
Of the dear old farmhouse home,
Of the friends who crossed its threshold
In the happy days of yore,
Vanished now beyond the hilltops,
To return to it no more;
Of the singing 'neath the poplars,
When the summer moon was high,
I weep for bonds of friendship broken,
When I say, "Old farm, good-bye."



OLD SHABBAGEE!

[To Dr. E. H. Currier. I write of Hermit Bill of Shabbagee. In hyperbole.]

Old Shabbagee! a homely term,
And where it came from I can't see,
But, Doc, there 's something in the name
That 's dear to you and me.

No romance hangs about the place,
No flowers there but pine saliva,
And yet is heard the wildcat's song
And cooing of stake-driver.

Jack Rabbit builds his nest on high,
The woodchuck floats on feathered wing,
The hedgehog's carol greets the eye,
And on the hills the bull-pouts sing.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

At least, so said the hermit Bill,
One morning as he came to me,
With empty jug and skin well filled,—
He 'd spent the night in Shabbagee.

Not on a downy, feathered cot,
Where peaceful visions o'er one beam,
But 'neath Mt. Misery's rocky quilt,
Where gay bull-thistles made him scream,
And join his voice in chorus fine,
With lusty tree-toads' dulcet chime.

Said Bill, "There 's angels all around;
I heard them singing o'er my bed."
"Oh, no," said I, "'t was but a pair
Of 'squitoses sighing round your head."

Said Bill, "There 's grizzlies over there;
I saw one dancing on a log."
Said I, "You flabbergasted loon,
'T was Wendall Khitcomb's Berkshire hog."

Said Bill, "There 's snakes and terrapin,
And 'farrer' crows with henhawks pair."
Another drink and Bill would see
Mud turtles flying through the air,
In dear, romantic Shabbagee.

Said Bill, "I have my every wish,
No need for me to strive or toil,
'Cause seraphs ever mix my grog
And lobsters grow on 'Windsor's boil,'
The proudest peak in Shabbagee."

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

One morning in the long ago

They started out, some four or three,
To run the lines and fix the bounds
Of loved and classic Shabbagee.

'T was when Maul Porrill kept the inn,—
To all the world he bore good will,—
They set the compass on his steps
Sou'-east-by-sou' from old Pork Hill.

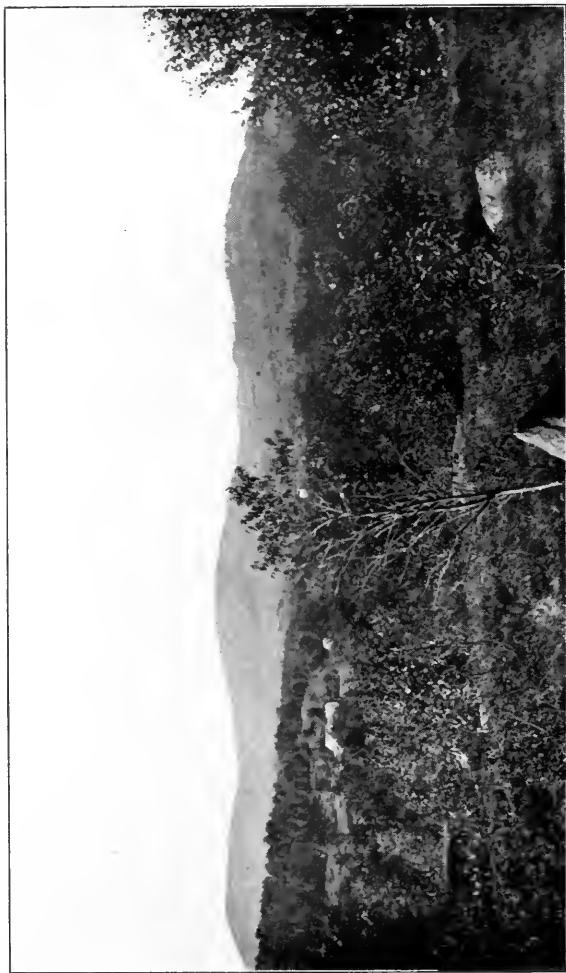
Said Bill, "You have not got it right;
The sights are wrong; they don't combine.
Now, Maul, just pass the jug once more,
And we will make a true r(h)um(b) line."

Maul passed the jug, and you may think
The compass worked just like a charm
They landed up this side the "Minks,"
Just one mile from Men Herrick's farm.
Bill set a stone—it 's there today—
The center point of Shabbagee.

Now, Doc, my meter you may smite;
You may abuse my diction,
But still I raise the question grave,
Is truth as strange as fiction?

But, Ed, a sober word or two,
The world is getting old;
Poor Bill is gone, and soon like his
Our story will be told.

If we can't leave a hero tale
For all the world to see,
We 'll spread good cheer among the boys,
Like Bill of Shabbagee.



“Across the dear old Warner Hills
The winds of God blow free and strong”

—See page 24

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

THE PINES.

When western winds are blowing,
And the summer eve is nigh,
I love to linger near the pines
And hear their murmuring sigh.

In accents almost human,
In cadence soft and low,
They seem to tell their story
When the vesper breezes blow.

In the gloaming of the twilight,
As silent shadows fall,
My musing is in harmony
With the west wind's whispered call.

And my heart beats out a memory chord,
A story of "Lang Syne,"
When I lived and loved beneath the shade
Of the dark and sombre pine.

On the hill and in the valley,
Wherever it is seen,
Its solemn beauty lingers
With its foliage ever green.

I have seen it in its glory,
When it crowned the stately hills,
With its never fading verdure,
Like His promise of goodwill.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

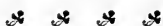
Seen the pine tree in December,
In the flashing winter light,
Arrayed in snowy garments
As for a wedding night.

Seen the pine tree in the autumn,
When its plumes of nodding cones,
Beat time in gentle measure
To its softly murmuring tones.

I 've wandered far in a weary world,
O'er rough and troubled lines,
But solace always comes to me
With the music of the pines.

In pensive mood I often sit
And sip of memory's wine,
And dream of loved ones sleeping now
Beneath the stately pine.

With reverent heart I listen
To its murmurings o'er my head,
As it chants a plaintive requiem
Above my blessed dead.



DID SHE THINK?

Did she think when she gave me back the ring
Of the songs of love we used to sing?

Of the fervid pressure of the hand,
As we walked in evening shadows grand?

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Of the plans that each to each would tell
Ere Mammon's charm upon her fell?

Tonight, on desolation's brink,
I wonder does she think? does she think?

Charmed by the stories he could tell
Of wealth and title, false as hell,

Tho' my heart was hers, she did not shrink;
But now in her ruin, does she not think?

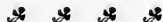
Give back to me again your love,
And while the starlight glows above,

And while the sunlight gladdens day,
My life is yours, yours mine for aye.

Oh, rose of beauty, bloom again!
Oh, darkened life, forget the pain!

In gladsome light you still may live;
I can forgive; I can forgive.

Fond memory's nectar each will drink,
And cease to think, and cease to think.



TRIBUTE TO LOUIS BELL POST.

[Read at the dedication of the Grand Army Hall.]

When Lincoln turned his pleading eyes,
And beckoned to the North,
Her loyal sons from every hill,
In myriads sprang forth.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

And thus they gave their answer,
The marching lines along,
"We 're coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand strong."

They came from every hamlet,
From the farm and from the town,
With resolution, strong and firm,
To put rebellion down.

There were boys who left their mothers,
There were husbands from their wives,
There were lovers from their dear ones,
Pledging honor and their lives.

They came at call of duty,
The loyal, brave, and true;
The starry flag above them,
The red, the white, and blue.

Their columns met the danger,
Where'er the die was cast;
'Til glory sheened their banners,
And victory came at last.

Here are men who fought with Hooker,
And helped Grant to conquer Lee,
Who saw the plumes of Sherman waving
From Atlanta to the sea.

Men who charged on grim Fort Wagner,
Drank the bitter cup of woe,
Left their comrades fallen, dying,
Before relentless southern foe.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Men who rode in line with Custer,
 Stood with Meade in battle flame.
Soldiers of the grand old army,
 History e'er will guard your fame!

Not alone with Grant and Sherman
 Fought the North men, true and brave,
But with Farragut and Porter,
 On the restless ocean wave.

Here are sailors from the frigates,
 True and loyal as the stars;
Who knows what might have been the verdict,
 But for the sturdy, brave jack tars.

Oh, the glory! You deserve it,
 And our prayers for you we yield,
As we prayed the gods to save you,
 When you stood on battlefields.

.

Tho' the seal of time is on you,
 Deep its furrows on your brow,
As in the age of blood and iron,
 Soldiers then, you 're soldiers now.

You the heroes, you the winners,
 It 's written on the scroll of fame,
That you 've walked the paths of glory,
 And have won a lasting name.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

What is fame without its martyrs?
What is life without a breath?
What is valor without bloodshed?
What is victory without death?

As we read it, as we see it
On the page of other times,
You have left the brave and fallen
All along your battle lines.

Oh, the men who lie behind you,
Pictured now on memory's wall!
Tell their virtues, bless them ever,
Praise them as the shadows fall!

Tributes! What were they to danger?
What to risk of life or limb?
What was honor, what was glory
To men who fell in battle grim?

Tho' the flag still waves above them,
And their memory with us stays,
Yet they granted life and fortune
In those dark and bloody days.

Still you march in army column,
Wear the dear old army blue;
Still your lines, tho' weak and broken,
Follow guidon straight and true.

Still your helmets gleam in sunlight,
And your banners wave on high;
Still the plaudits of the nation
Greet you as the years pass by.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Oh, you grizzly, rough old-timers!
Tho' you 've fought the contest through,
You still are living with us,
You still are on review.

Not alone in grim campaigning,
Nor in din of battle strife,
But wherever fate has placed you,
In the peaceful walks of life.

As we think it, as we speak it,
True the echo of the heart,
Comes the word from us forever,
You have acted well your part.

There on the southern hillsides,
Where your stricken comrades sleep,
And the sentinels of memory,
Their silent vigils keep,

If I could make them hear me,
By any skill or art,
I 'd tell the brave and fallen
They acted well their part.

In the battle of Fort Fisher
A peerless soldier fell,
And every spring you scatter flowers
On the grave of Louis Bell.

And the wild birds in the treetops,
In morning chorus swell,
Sing over him a gloria;
He nobly played his part and well.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

This your home, and this your bivouac;
Here you 'll float adown life's stream;
Here you 'll fight your battles over;
Here you 'll smoke your pipes and dream.

Fair are the frescoes on its walls,
Fair the touch of artist's hand,
But its pride is in the portraits
Of the men who saved the land.

Hang the pictures of your heroes,
And proudly place on high
The features of the soldiers' friend,
Best friend of all, our "Cy."

So here 's a health to you, brave men!
Let 's drink it with a cheer!
Here 's bonny life, and bonny hope,
For many, many a year!

May your banners wave forever!
And your sons the story tell
Of that band of hero soldiers,
The Post of Louis Bell!



FRIENDSHIP'S TRIBUTE.

By some old sage it has been said:
"Speak none but good words of the dead;"
This adage may be right and true,
But is not praise to the living due?

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

I fain would eulogize a friend,
That he read my thoughts before his end;
And know that of my loving heart,
His life has always been a part!

From cradle fifty years ago,
Through times of gladness and of woe,
A sturdy, manly form stood by
With helping hand and friendly eye.

I envy him his simple life,
So free from taint of guile or strife;
As cheerful as a cloudless day,
He treads his modest, honest way.

Of Nature born, he loves the fields,
And noble sports the forest yields,
But best of all, to hunt the coon
By the brilliant light of the autumn moon.

Oh! nights and nights we 've strolled together;
All kinds of luck; all kinds of weather;
We little cared whether bad or good,
The joy of our hearts was the free wild-wood.

Congenial spirits—both agree
No earthly music for him or me,
No sight our mortal eyes can see
So grand as a coon-dog at a tree.

Old man, we 've had our last hard tramp;
We soon in woodland shades must camp;
We soon shall meet upon the shore
To talk of hunting days once more.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Thro' all the years unto the end,
My childhood, youth, and manhood friend;
Of honest life and humble fame,
Warren Sanborn is his name.



HAYSEED.

[Read at Old Home Day celebration, Henniker, N. H.,
August 21, 1906. Dedicated to Hon. George C. Preston.]

Friends and citizens of the grand old town,
I bid you hail and hearty cheer;
If I put you to eternal sleep,
Rest easy, the undertaker's near.

A worthy subject I will broach,
The badge of noble men;
I'll treat it well as I know how,
With uncouth, halting pen.

It's simple, but has filled for aye,
The gap of human need;
A part of God's great plan of life,
The humble, trite hayseed.

Be it of witch grass which makes the hoe
Keep time to cuss words as they flow;
Herds grass of the upland field,
Perhaps the richest in its yield;

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Red top with its burnished sheen,
Or blue joint, stately meadow queen;
These and a hundred other kinds,
Have covered the world with a carpet of green.

There 's glory in its verdant hue,
Ah, yes; there 's glory, and dollars, too.

Hayseed is a mark of honor,
An emblem proud and grand;
It 's flecked the locks of presidents,
And heroes of the land.

The term and what it signifies,
I would never, never change;
And if 't were mine to say the word,
I 'd found a Hayseed Grange.

Were I to choose a coat of arms,
The choicest and the best,
Instead of glittering diamonds,
I 'd have hayseed in the crest.

And so to you today I sing,
Of the loyal, brave, and fair,
Who sprang into life's battle,
With hayseed in their hair.

Of the men who guide the people,
The great men of today;
The men who lead the armies,
They came from fields of hay.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

I look into the eyes of those
Who 've won a lasting name,
And have a legacy to leave,
Of honor, wealth, and fame.

They came from rugged hillsides,
From hilltops, gray and cold;
They were made of granite fibre,
They were cast in granite mold.

You victors in life's battle,
Return to us once more!
Sit down again with old-time friends,
The boys and girls of yore!

Come back to the old farm,
Oh, fortune's grim slave!
To the blessed old home,
Where your father first gave

Those precepts instilled
With yellow birch rods.
Come back and bend low
To the old household gods.

Come back to the old girls,
By whom you were smitten,
Whom you courted and loved,
Till they gave you the mitten!

The past is forgotten,
Their romance is o'er,
And, widows or old maids,
They 'll have you once more.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Come back to the old church,
Where you heard hymns of praise
And slept out the sermon—
Live over those days!

Come back to the old dogs,
Which hunted the coons,
Gave you many a frolic,
'Neath the October moons.

Oh, pet them and pat them!
They shall not be sold,
Tho' their feet have grown weary,
And their eyes have grown old.

John Colby has got one,
Which hunted with Noah,
Calls him now worth two wives,
Perhaps half a wife more.

He once told me on the quiet,
In the woods upon a log,
He don't want to go to Heaven
Unless he can take that dog.

Bring treasures and dainties,
For good old Mamma!
Bring Clicquot and Mumms
For dear old Papa!

'T is much you may do,
In a glad, kindly way;
Just step to the bank
And the old mortgage pay!

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Or into the store,
And from ledger's grim page,
Wipe off the account
That has run for an age!

And then if the cash in your pocket allow,
Replace the ten-wrinkled,
Dry, farrow old cow,
With a Guernsey or Jersey or Holstein!
And say! You can buy a first-class one
Of our friend, Charlie Ray.

And here, let me tell you
While on that boy's trail,
Is a case where a life
Has not found the word "fail."

And when to the brim
His stocking he fills,
With fifties and twenties,
And other big bills,

He can wink at the boys,
And say, "You can see
What hayseed and pluck
Are doing for me."

.

Talk about a recompense!
Wait until you go,
Then in the warm tears
That down aged cheeks flow,

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

In heart words and blessings
Upon you for aye,
Oh, boys! there you 'll get
Quadruple your pay.

Go walk in the churchyard,
Where sleeps your old friend,
Mementoes of flowers
With tears you may blend.

The incense of memory
Will rise to the sky,
Perhaps he may see you,
From ether on high.

Perhaps he is near you,
Is with you today;
Thank God for the hope,
That the soul lives away!

Go down to the diving place,
Behind the old mill!
Take a plunge in the pool,
'T will make you feel well!

'T will drive off lumbago,
And rheumaticky pains;
And the hot blood of youth,
Will thrill your old veins.

Talk about your Turkish baths,
Hot Springs or Grand Savoy!
There 's nothing like the swimming hole
You dove in when a boy.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Follow down the old trout streams.

 You won't get a bite,
Except from mosquitoes,
 And 't will serve you just right,

If they tease you and gnaw you,
 And cause you to swear,
And spill your wet bait,
 And shed your false hair.

But memory will serve you a banquet of joy,
 For you fished those same streams
And killed those same 'squitoes,
 Years ago when a boy.

Steal down thro' the bulk-head,
 As you did when a boy!
Bend low at the cider cask,
 It 's the fountain of joy!

Draw a mug full of nectar!
 Drink it down to the dregs!
And then quaff another!
 'T wont twist your old legs.

'T will stir up your feelings;
 Set your brain in full play;
You 'll be called on to speak,
 At the Old Home Meeting Day.

Oh, lawyers and doctors,
 And other cheap fry!
For once bid your patients
 And clients "Good-bye"!

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Forget all their cases,
Forget all their ills,
And rest for a time
On our glorious hills!

And when at last you take your leave
For your desk or office chair,
Don't forget to sprinkle well
With hayseed your gray hair.

And if, perchance, you may be bald,
Have nothing but a pate,
Just stick it on with Spaulding's glue,
Perhaps 't will germinate.

Ah! Now I am drifting, drifting,
From the tenor of my theme!
Drifting like the flooded water,
In yonder noble stream!

Drifting that I may recall you,
In the course of homely rhyme,
To a well remembered feature,
Of the good old-fashioned time.

Tho' now we have high opera,
Vaudeville and violet tea,
My friends, no rinktum can compare
With the old-time husking bee.

With its flow of lusty frolic,
With its tide of jolly song,
And tho' they stayed till break o' day,
The nights were none too long.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

How they piled up golden nuggets!
How they passed sweet cider round,
How the coy girls hid their faces,
When some boy a red ear found!

I am told, and half believe it,
For the rumor still is rife,
That at a jolly husking junket,
George Preston found his wife.

Honest George, the H-o-n,
He takes your hand and treats you fair,
But when he started out in life,
He had hayseed in his hair.

He has shown there 's good stuff in him,
He has triumphed, he has won,
Give the husking bee the credit,
For by *red ear* it was done.

For tho' they sometimes tease and nag us,
Give us fits and heaves and hives,
Still the beacon light that guides us,
Is the blessing of good wives.

Noble wives and noble mothers,
Faithful, tender, fond, and true;
Keep the love lamps ever burning,
Our lives, our hopes, depend on you.

.
Our fathers did a noble work,
They labored long and well;
Today grand orchards and green fields
Remain, their deeds to tell.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

There are honored names upon the scroll,
I cannot mention all;
But one it seems a duty
That I should here recall.

He went out from among you,
With modest, humble mien,
From birth almost as lowly
As the gentle Nazarene.

Not 'mid the clash of sabres,
Or roar of hostile guns
George Tucker won his laurels
In a peaceful work well done.

A lasting honor to his name,
Worth more than golden crown;
His vested gift, long may it stand,
A blessing to the town!*

.

Up there where they file sheep's noses,
As peaked as a powder horn,
To pick the grass 'tween Mink Hill ledges,
My valued friend and I were born.

He rocked my cradle when a kid;
He fed me with a spoon;
And sang me lulling baby songs,
From morning until noon.

* His liberal bequests founded the Henniker Public Library and built its fine building.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

And even now I feel his love,
No whit the less for wear;
His gentle word will sober me,
When I get on a tear.

The ladies all adore him,
Their loyalty ne'er fails;
But spite of woman's arts and smiles
He much prefers the mails.

For there he gets his salary,
With Uncle Sam's regards;
He 's been tried and you can trust him,
He won't read your postal cards.

Hen Merrick, staunch and sturdy friend,
I pledge you health and cheer!
Long may your loyal heart beat true!
Long may you linger here!

Charlie French, you gay romancer,
You always draw to fill your hand:
I hope your welcome smile will cheer us,
As long as the stone bridge shall stand!

I hope the foxes and the rabbits
Will fall before your matchless skill,
Until the river dries forever,
With no swine left on old Pork Hill!

Fond are the loving stories
That are written of the dead;
But still of you, the living,
Should words of praise be said.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

You the heroes still in conflict,
You, who yet are in your prime,
You, the brave and earnest soldiers,
Holding firm the battle line!

You, with courage still undaunted,
Thro' whose veins rich life blood runs,
You, whose eyes are on the future,
You, the men behind the guns!

Then stand, oh faithful cohorts, steady!
Reck not sorrow, fear not wrong!
Stand with brave hearts ever ready,
Firm in spirit, courage strong!

In the vanguard of the ages,
In the harvest field of time,
Write a story for your children,
Worthy of the old home shrine.



THE ARMY BLUE.

[Read before Freschl Post, G. A. R., of Manchester,
N. H., February 4, 1905.]

In a cabin on the Kenesaw,
Forty years ago and more,
A negro child sat watching, listening,
Thro' the battle's din and roar.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

"Mammy, mammy, they are winning,
Yankee soldiers, brave and true."

"Hush dar, chile, I doan believe it."

"Mammy, dar 's de army blue."

"Dar 's de blue line, wid der bayonets,
Fighting, charging thro' the trees,
Bress de Lord and joy to heaben,
Mammy, mammy, we are free."

So it was throughout the conflict,
Where'er the starry banner waved
It promised to a stricken people
That from bondage they were saved.

Noble band of hero soldiers!
Never such the world e'er knew,
As the boys who won the battles,
Clad in dear old army blue.

Blue as was the sky above them,
And battle smoke when cannon boomed;
Blue as were the hearts of traitors
When at last their cause was doomed.

'T was the conflict of the ages,
Test between the right and wrong;
But the boys in blue must triumph,
For the right is always strong.

As your campfire in the evening
Casts abroad its cheery hue,
And your pipe dreams and your musings
Are of those who marched with you,

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Marched and fought upon the hillside;
Bled and died upon the plain;
In the darkness and the gloaming,
They seem with you once again.

And you see them dressed in column,
On parade in grand review,
Clad not in effulgent whiteness,
But in old-time army blue.

Again the battle line moves onward
Across Antietam's fatal bridge,
Or meets Pickett's charging column
On the bloody crested ridge.

There is left a shattered remnant,
A worn and weary few,
Of the mighty host which sprung to arms
Way back in '62.

Furled are your riven banners;
Without note of drum or fife,
Your stricken line is moving onward
In the solemn march of life.

You are looking toward the sunset,
Verging on the sunset land,
Where your comrades gone before you
Wait for you with welcome hands.

Wait for you to join their column;
Wait to dress the line with you;
Wait to sing the praise forever
Of the dear old army blue.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

March along into the future
Till your campground is in view,
Bivouac there and rest forever
'Neath canopy of army blue.



MY TRYST WITH NATURE.

The same old musing, dreamy fancy,
Which has led me from a boy,
Same old love for dear old hilltops,
Same old passion,
Same old joy,

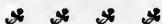
Here again controls my being,
As I walk with her once more
And have tryst
With gentle Nature
As in happy days of yore.

She smiles on me, half coquetting;
Yes, she knows I love her still,
She, my goddess,
Her I worship,
Yielding e'er to her sweet will.

She the fairy queen of earthland,
Royal sovereign,
Regal one;
She my plighted troth and honor,
She my fealty hath won.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

I bow low when in her presence;
At her court I bend my knee,
I, so humble,
Yet so loving.
May she ever smile on me.



THE OLD BADGER WOODS.

[Many hunters have a reverential memory for the Old Badger Woods, long since swept away.]

John D. Colby, friend loyal and true,
This humble verse I inscribe to you.

.

Girt round with rugged hilltops
From whose grim crests are seen
The White Hills to the northward
And lesser mounts between;

In shroud of eternal shadow,
Despite the light of day,
Dim and darksome as the eve,
The Badger woodland lay.

Two hundred acres of noble trees,
Kissed by every morning breeze,
Stood there towering to the skies,
For all wild life a paradise.

Stood the red oak, strong and bold,
The beech tree, gray with years untold;
The pine, with solemn, lasting sheen,
Rock maple, stately forest queen.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

The chestnut, fruited with its mast,
The hemlock, rooted firm and fast;
The elm tree, kingly in its pride,
The birch, with drapery of a bride.

The fox lived there and reared her young,
The wood bird in the branches sung;
The partridge, in the early fall,
Clucked to her brood her matin call.

And there at sunset one might see
Gray squirrels high on a chestnut tree;
A little later thro' the wood
The raccoon ranging for its food.

The owl would hoot
The bluejay scream,
And bittern croak beside the stream.
The crow from naked limb on high
Gave to his flock the danger cry.

Jack Rabbit, nimble woodland sprite,
Flashed thro' the shade like gleam of light;
And in the caverns 'neath the hills
Lived hedgehogs grim with barbed quills.

Ah, those were halcyon days of joy,
To roam and hunt as man and boy;
No hours in life so dear to me
As, friend, I there have passed with thee.

No vision grand, no act or play,
Like Badger woods in an autumn day.
No thought so sweet my heart can fill
As memory of that dear old hill.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Too soon, indeed, the ruin came,
All too soon the sentence passed,
Those glorious avenues of trees
Were doomed to ax and saw at last.

Alas! their giant forms went down
And smile of Nature changed to frown;
Naught left but ruin and decay
Of forest glory passed away.

Why should the groves of God be sold?
Why smite grandeur for dross of gold?
Why strike from Nature's diadem
Her loved and valued forest gem?

Oh, friend, do you remember
The hours you 've roamed with me,
By daylight and by starlight,
In woodland grand and free?

Hold sacred, then, the memory
Of wooded hill and dell,
And days we spent among them,
Ere life's shadows backward fell.

We 'll ne'er forget them, will we, man,
Tho' now we 're getting old,
And the verdure of life's growing tree
Glints sheen of autumn gold?

But still our hearts yearn for the woods
With fervor of a child,
No place on earth so grand and free
As forest dim and wild.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

WILD FLOWERS AND WILD SONGS.

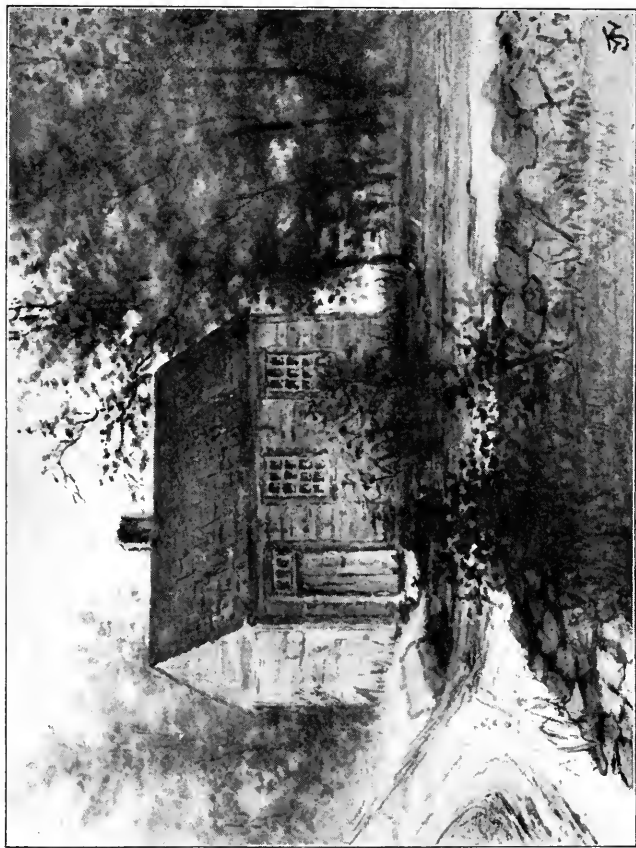
Upon the hill the wild rose blooms,
 Blooms in beauty the summer long;
In forest dim the woodthrush sings,
 Sings his matchless, wild bird song.

Beside the stream, the cardinal flower,
 Gorgeous, royal as a queen;
Within the hedge the hermit bird
 Singing ever, yet unseen.

Adown the vale the violet blue
 Reflects the hue of heavenly way;
The linnet in the shady grove
 Gives heavenly music all the day.

Above the meadow daisies
 Laughs bobolink clear and strong;
My heart is in wild blossoms,
 My soul in wild birds' song.

I love the morning's glory,
 I love the starry night;
Charmed and won by Nature,
 My troth to her I plight.



“As quaint, uncouth, and grim it stood
It stands in memory still”

—See page 9

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

THE HOME LIGHT ON THE HILL.

Where'er life's tide has borne me,
On waters shoal or deep,
Where'er the billows leave me,
One memory I keep.

One spot in the world's great landscape
My heart's love ever fills,
The dear old childhood homestead,
Amid the Warner hills.

I 've heard sweet music welling
In notes both rich and rare,
Entrancing cadence swelling;
The birds sung sweeter there.

I 've seen grand sunset glories,
On plain and mountain fall;
The home light in the window
Was grander than them all.

It beckoned in the darkness,
As stars can never do;
It told of cheer and welcome,
Peace, rest, the whole night thro'.

Oh, beacon of the long ago,
And are you shining still?
And do you send your kindly light
From off the dear old hill?

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

For on the far horizon
I fancy as I roam
I see a ray still guiding
Back to the old-time home.

But find when I cease dreaming
And plod my journey on;
'T was only blissful seeming,
For all but the hill is gone.



IN TOUCH WITH NATURE.

To rest, to muse, to dream,
'Neath spell of whispering stream,
While thro' the forest rafters
Bright points of sunlight gleam.

In touch with Mother Nature,
On bed of leaves to lie,
With troubled spirit calmed and soothed
By her sweet lullaby.

The song of wild birds in the trees,
The squirrel's eager tattoo call,
The hum of busy working bees,
The summer glory over all.

In tune with her grand music,
In tune with her wild lays,
The choicest moments of my life
Are Nature's gala days.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

FAITHFUL JOE.

[Dedicated to Miss Florence Cram, in memory of her father, Joseph Cram.]

Up 'mid the hills of a dear old town,
Where every night the evening star
Looks softly down, and, if stars could weep,
Would shed a tear where the loved and lost
Of the hamlet sleep,

And the graves in tiny billows
Roll green o'er pallid, deathly pillows,

Two flags are waving,
Each o'er a sleeping soldier's head,
Emblems of honor to the loyal dead;
Here a father, there the son,
And when the battle call rung out,
One was a sturdy man of years,
And one with life but scarce begun.

These tiny symbols
Above the grass-grown mounds,
Placed there by loving hands
In honor of the brave,
Suggest a story in their way
Of the times that tried men's souls,
The nation's dark and troubled day.

The son was Edwin, the father was Joe;
The fervid blood of youth
Prompted the loyal boy to go;
He sought the parent's word:

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

"God bless you, yes!
And I go, too," he said.
Of such grand stuff
Were hero fathers made.

"I go to be your comrade
In danger and in pain;
To help you bear the burden
And to bring you back again.

"You are young and slender,
I am strong but not more brave;
My boy, we go together,
The dear old flag to save."

Before Port Hudson's bastions
And in fevered swamp and fen,
The old "Sixteenth" seemed doomed by fate;
A few came back, but wrecks of men,
Shadows of the noble corps,
Which marched away nine months before.

All thro' the grim campaigning,
Thro' war-tide's ebb and flow,
To aid and care for his weakening son,
Stood brave and faithful Joe.

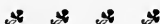
Till when at last in the North-land,
They sought the dear old farm,
The stricken, weary soldier boy
Fell asleep in his mother's arms.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

There are tales of hero fathers,
In the days of long ago,
But none more faithful to his child
Than steadfast, Spartan Joe.

Mahomet in the Koran
Gives promise that the brave
Shall rest forever 'neath fair skies,
And o'er them banners wave.

And on Memorial mornings,
When their silent homes I view,
My heart responds the sentiment,
Mahomet's words were true.



SPRINGTIME AND AUTUMN.

[Read before the class of 1876, Dartmouth College, at its thirtieth anniversary, June 25, 1906.]

There 's gladness in the May air,
Bursting flowers and buds of green,
And its beauty, and its freshness
In no other months are seen.

- But in days of early autumn,
When the leaves begin to shade,
With their tints of gorgeous splendor,
Golden harvests then are made.

From the promise of the Springtime
We have drifted, one and all,
From that beauty and that freshness
To the glory of the Fall.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Classmates now, as in that Autumn,
When our college life began;
Lovers each of every other;
Brothers in a loving clan.

We have passed well thro' the ordeal,
Through the struggle and the strife,
To the reaping and the binding,
To the vintage time of life.

Boys, when first we came together,
Boys, the fathers now of men,
Boys, tonight around the table,
Oh, boys, let 's sing our songs again!

Oh, boys, let 's sing our songs again!

Again in action, and in spirit;
Boys in nature, free and bold;
Strong to battle life's grim column;
Oh, can it be that boys grow old?

As here tonight the old class gathers,
With furrowed face and locks of gray,
Brief space of joy that 's given to us,
Let 's drive the tyrant Time away.

Let 's eat of recollection's vintage,
Plucked from Indian Summer vines!
Let 's dream again of old-time glories!
Let 's drink our fill of memory's wines!

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Call reminiscence of the Campus,
Back again from college days,
Of the football and the cane-rush,
And the jolly Freshman haze!

Of the wrestling and the surging,
Of the tug with might and main,
Of the winning and the cheering,
Oh, can't we rush a cane again?

Oh, can't we rush a cane again?

Line up the sturdy boys of old time,
"Bridge," "Shorty," Ryder, "Reck," and "Stim"!
Has the blood grown cold within them?
Have they lost their youthful vim?

Ah, no! On other fields of action,
They are battling for the right;
They are winning—God be with them!
They are winning life's grim fight.

Here are men who hold class honor
As a precious, sacred trust;
Who will keep it, who will guard it,
'Til we turn again to dust!

All are sowing for a future,
Beyond the faintest morning ray;
All are planting seeds for fruitage,
In another, fairer day.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

As we sit here at the banquet,
Cheered by wine cups' ruddy glow,
O'er the flood of wit and fancy,
Tides of memory ebb and flow.

Memories of the boys passed onward,
Memories sanctified with tears;
But tonight, I tell you, classmates,
The dear lost ones are near!

The dear lost ones are near!

Silently they listen to us,
As we pass the word of cheer;
Silently they breathe their blessing,
As they mingle with us here.

Perry, the hussar of genius;
Barnard, *bon-homme*, nature grand;
Puffer, whom we still love fondly,
Tho' he walks in other lands.

Gentle Holt and loyal Darling;
Thompson, called in life's young day;
Paul, the able, brave and faithful,
Have passed along the golden way.

French, my dearest friend of old,
Singing now in halls of gold;
We 'd listen long upon the shore,
If we might hear his voice once more.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

FATHER SMALL.

Poets have made immortal
Lesser, weaker men than he,
But none truer or more faithful
Could ever, ever be.

May angels sing forever
The praises of a man,
Whose watchword always was
"Let 's do the best we can."

KENERSON.

May flowers ever o'er him grow,
Him whom we loved, the last to go!
'T is manliness to shed a tear
For "Ken," our knight, our chevalier.

Oh, more than friend! We know not why
The arrow, sent by the Ruler high,

Should strike from out our loving line
A heart so true, a life so brave,

A soul so pure,
Dear "Ken," as thine.

We know not why,
We cannot tell,

But whispering voices say,
"'T is well! 'T is well!"

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

The way seems long without you,
And darksome as the night.
But, Ken, you 're sleeping, resting,
'Neath kindly, heavenly light.

God bless your sacred memory!
His blessing on your name!

We shall love you ever, ever,
In death as life the same.

.
As we walk the streets of the good old town,
And look—and look—now up, now down,
Do we gaze darkly thro' time's glass?
Or do we see our old friends pass?

Our teachers—do we meet today?
Ah, most have fallen by the way!

The buildings standing grim and tall,
Oh, don't we see Old Dartmouth Hall?
With "*Vox Clamantis*" ringing on?
Or is it true that, too, has gone?

The Indian pine upon the hill,
Where we broke our pipes and said farewell,
Does that still tower to the sky?
Or does mirage deceive the eye?

Ah, no! Their absence brings the tears,
They all have gone in thirty years;
What tho' in dreams they come again,
What tho' their vision fills the eye,
Mirage is ever in the sky.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Many an evening in our musings,
As the shadows crept along,
Have we felt the old class spirit,
And heard the old class songs.

When we strove to raise a chorus,
Our weary hearts to cheer,
Dead voices would not answer;
Instead, there came a tear.

And here tonight in gloam of June time
As we stand at Memory's shrine,
The loyal feeling comes again,
And the notes of "Auld Lang Syne."

Age! Ah, yes, 't is hard to say it!
And the truth is sad to own;
But our eyes have lost their lustre,
And the years are in our bones.

Years of toil in life's hard tread-mill;
Years of watchfulness and care;
Years of mingled joy and sorrow;
Years, all vanished into air.

Still our hands are on the plow-share;
Still our face is to the fore;
Still our boat is on the waters;
Still we have not reached the shore.

Sternly sit the Fates above us;
Sternly rule our courses wide;
Silently, the grim old pilot
Sternly guides us o'er the tide.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Time, relentless, heartless master,
Plows the furrows on our brow;
Binds his fetters fast upon us,
Who once were young, but old men now.

.

When travelers in an arid land,
Seek vainly for a refuge nigh,
Phantom visions of the haven sought
Shimmer in the desert sky.

Realistic tho' they seem,
In truth, a fancy; in fact, a dream.
So to our eager student eyes,
Golden castles filled the skies.

So thro' months and years ago,
Brilliant hopes have led us on;
Some along the trail of promise
Found fulfilment, grand and large.

Some pursued it just as bravely,
To be deceived by the ghost mirage.

Still there 's grand assurance o'er us,
Bow of promise in the sky,
Ever pressing forward, onward,
We shall reach it by and by.

Class of honor, class of courage,
Keep the banners to the fore,
For the line is still advancing,
And the conflict is not o'er.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Class of loving, loyal brothers,
Class of grand historic name,
With the old-time spirit guiding,
We shall reach the goal of fame.

We 'll not despond as we grow old,
Or see in age a specter gaunt;
There is on high a Ruler kind,
He is our Shepherd, we shall not want.

And tho' our ears may hear Him not,
And by our eyes He is not seen,
Still He guides us on our way,
And walks with us in pastures green.

Laudeamus, let us praise!
Let us praise with love the Master,
Who has lengthened out our days!
We, the subjects of His mercy,
Here on this our natal eve,
Of thirty years of joy and sorrow,
Stand His blessing to receive.

These thirty years, a history filled
With worthy deeds and words well spoken,
"E'er yet the silver cord is loosed,
Or the golden bowl been broken,
Or the pitcher at the fountain."

Seventy-six has won her name,
And the dear old class a worthy fame.

God bless her now and evermore,
'Til the last man lands upon the shore,

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Safe in the realms of rest afar,
Safe within the harbor bar.

And when the dear boys all are gone,
None left to shed a tear,

At roll-call on the other shore,
Each one will answer, "Here."

Each one will answer, "Here."



THE OLD-TIME DOG AND GUN.

[Delivered before the Hillsborough County Fish & Game League, April, 1906. Dedicated to my friend, Hon. Natt Wentworth.]

Some have fancy for the new,
Some have fancy for the old;
Some love to read their Bibles,
Some love to count their gold.

Some dream of battles over,
Think how the trick was done;
My dreamings and my musings
Are often of a gun;

Not a hammerless breechloader,
Fancy stock and polished bore,
But a homely, grim old-timer,
Aged sixty years or more.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

'T was the gun my father shot with—
A blessing on his name!
If he were in the field today,
For any kind of game,
He 'd give you fellows cards and spades,
And beat you just the same.

Here 's the colonel with his fox dog,
He calls him fast and sure;
The doctor with his blooded hound,
Of pedigree so pure.

Fred Thurston with his setter,
Standing rigid at a point;
My father with his old cur dog
Could discount the whole joint.

The old cur dog would run a fox into the ground;
He 'd follow a track like an English hound;
He had no tail, but his head was large,
And he never knew what it was to "charge."

He 'd tree a squirrel up so high
It seemed as though he was in the sky;
And hold him there till my father's eye
Ran along "old London Twist";
Then down he 'd fall, for it never missed.

That old cur dog would land a coon,
And keep him up till the next day noon,
For well he knew there 'd be some fun
When father came with that trusty gun.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

That good old dog would course a hare;
To him all kinds of game were fair;
He 'd drive him thro' the snow and mist
Till he fell before "old London Twist."

That old cur dog would flush a quail,
And spring and catch her by the tail;
If feathers held, the game was his;
That old cur dog he knew his biz.

One night he barked 'neath a stone wall;
Tom Flanders answered to the call;
Said Tom, "It 's plain as sun at noon,
Old Bose at last has walled a coon."

My father said, "You may be right,
For coons are round this time o' night;
If that 's the case, beyond a doubt,
Why, we must rout the varmint out.

"If he comes my way I will whack him;
If he comes by you, why, then you crack him.
Now poke your head into the hole
And punch and probe with a stick or pole."

In went Tom with a wink and blink,
But something in there made him think
That shooting stars were in the sky;
It struck him in the mouth and eye.

Blind and dazed he backward slunk,
And blubbered out, "Oh, God! a skunk!"
Said father, "Don't give up the ghost;
But, Tom, did it taste like quail on toast?"

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Tom swore to lick all kingdom come,
But peace was made with a mug of rum.

Poor Tom! No eulogy was said
When you sank to rest among the dead;
But I say here, and I think it true,
They 've buried meaner men than you.

A baleful fate hung o'er your life;
They even took your dog and wife;
No epitaph above your grave;
And thus I speak your name to save.

I 've traveled long in a busy world,
Plodded on for many a day;
The high and low, the rich and poor,
I 've met them in my humble way.

And this I say to you tonight,
In every breast is a ray that 's bright;
No man on green earth ever stood,
Who loved the streams, the fields, and wood,
But had within him something good.
Some latent spark, some ember bright,
Burns in his heart, a gem of light.

.

Sometimes when the lawless boys
Would seek the melon patch to rob,
Just simply say, "Go sick 'em, Bose,"
And the old cur dog was on his job.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

And seats torn from their pantaloons
Showed him good for that as he was for coons.

Perhaps you think I 'm making fun
Of the good old dog and the good old gun;
But I look you all straight in the eye,
For hunters—do they ever lie?

Lie! Why, hunters stick to truth
As virtue stuck to Bible Ruth;
They would no more a true fact hush
Than raise a pot with a bobtail flush.

Fond memories linger of a man,
Pure in life as a bright sunbeam;
He loved the scope of Nature's plan,
He loved the forest and the stream.

He loved to tramp o'er wooded hill,
With dog to hunt and gun to kill;
"Old London Twist" to his bag would bring
Four-footed or two-legged game,
It mattered not; 't was all the same.

Alas, for father, dog, and gun!
They came and went; their day is done;
New-fangled arms are on the card,
And dogs have pedigree by the yard.

Talk about your faithful Tray,
Or dogs of any kind or day!
I tell you, boys, and you won't demur,
No dog e'er beat the bobtailed cur.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

No stone tells where old Bose now lies;
Perhaps, 'neath other, brighter skies,
 In lands afar, beyond the moon,
 He 's baying yet at fox or coon.

Sometimes when tramping thro' the wild,
Where I roamed and played when but a child,
 I turn the page of memory's log,
 And tell the story of the bobtailed dog.

Natt, my friend, we 're getting old;
We 're verging toward the sunset gold;
 But let us not forget the joys
 Of days when you and I were boys.

Let us not forget the fun
With father's bobtailed dog and gun;
 Let 's swear in friendship to be true;
 Old man, your hand; long life to you.

Oh, men of the clan, as you sit at the feast,
 And boast the trophies of skill and art,
Be mindful of the humbler field
 In which your fathers played their part.

You are standing at the noontide,
 Their sun has left the sky;
But in your manhood and your pride
 Let not their memory die!

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

The gun is left, all else is gone,
But still the tide of life flows on;
Flows on to meet another age,
When someone, turning o'er the page,
Shall read how we in an old-time day
Played out our part in an old-time way.



THE FOX'S RUNWAY.

[To Col. Arthur Eastman Clarke, companion of school and college, field and wood, I inscribe these lines.]

Where the pine plumes wave on high
And the maple banners fly,
Where the ferns caress the rocks,
There 's the runway of the fox.

Where the meadow daisies grow
And the silent waters flow,
Where the wood mouse makes its way,
There he seeks his humble prey.

Close by the lily-crested pond,
Where pickerel sleep beneath the wave,
Adown the trout brook just beyond,
His the path that nature gave.

'T is night, and over all the stars glow bright,
In tribute to the queenly moon
That gives the world
The charm and beauty of her light.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

So still that one can almost hear
The breath of the wood bird nesting near;
 So still that voice of the meadow brook is heard
 As to the sea it ebbs its way,
And seems to tell in murmured word
 The story of some other day.

No dog is out, no man, no gun,
Fit time for the fox to make his run.

'T is morn, and Nature's voices greet the day,
 The red hawk screams across the plain,
From out the oak calls brave bluejay.
There 's incense in the air that thrills
 When the hunter treads the hills again.

Oh, the music, rich, enchanting,
 When he hears from far away
The voices of the coursing hounds
 Upon the fox runway.

How the hot blood leaps within him,
 How quick his pulse, how keen his eye;
The very fervor of his being
 Reflects the glow of morning sky.

Upon this ancient runway
 I linger every fall,
And wonder has he come again
 And do I hear the call

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Of him whose life was radiant
As beam of morning sun,
Who tramped the Warner hilltops
With old-time dog and gun.

For sometimes on the breezes
Come whispers soft and low,
Just as of old he said it,
"The dogs are driving now,
That fox will have to go."

.

Dear Colonel:

I see our shadows lengthen;
Perhaps our hunts are o'er;
The boat will soon be waiting
To bear us from the shore.

Where'er Fate's trail shall lead me,
And whatsoe'er she wills
My heart will ever guide me
To the runway on the hills.

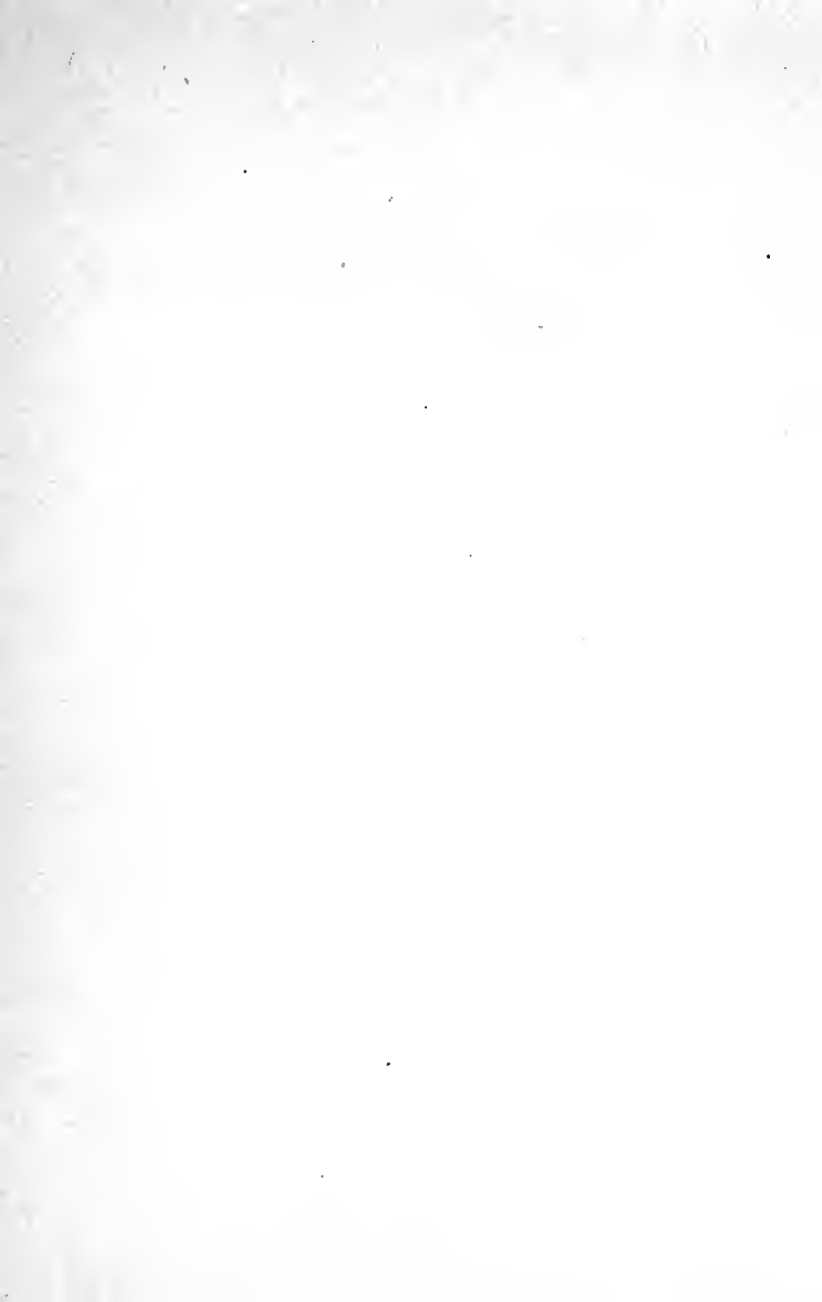




Photo by Irwin

"There's the runway of the fox"

—See page 126

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

THE OLD STAGE COACH.

[Delivered at Webster, Old Home Day.]

There must be some alive today
Who remember old stage times,
The Concord coach, the six-in-hand,
And Dan Fling at the lines.

Those were hurly-burly days,
Of hurly-burly men,
And ways and means of travel
Are different now from then.

The Concord coach was all in all;
There was no iron road.
The engines were of flesh and blood;
Six horses drew the load.

Dan Fling was the engineer,
Conductor and stoker, too;
He took the fares and checked the trunks,
As over the hills they flew.

They started at the break of day,
Nor stopped 'til evening's glow;
The fliers made their fifty miles;
The "pod teams" were more slow.

What was a "pod"? some kid may ask,
Who has not been here long;
I 'll tell you, boy, though it may break
The meter of my song.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

A "pod team" was a two-horse hitch
Rigged for a heavy load;
They carried merchandise and truck,
And camped beside the road.

They always had a pot of beans,
And always a stone jug;
Their food was served on pewter plates,
Their rum in pewter mugs.

The drivers were a hardy crew,
And reckless, too, with all;
They sang their songs and cracked their jokes,
And filled up on "stone wall."

They thought they knew a thing or two;
They thought they owned the road;
They thought they had the right of way
When they had on a load.

But when Dan Fling came whirling on,
"Pod teams, get out of the way!
I 'll run you down and sink your craft,"
Was what Dan Fling would say.

And so they 'd dodge the six-horse hitch,
And when 't had passed along,
They 'd get upon the road again
And sing a pod-team song.

The travelers in those days of old
Were of every class and hue;
Some wore the linsey-woolsey suit,
And some the broadcloth blue.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

The politicians rode on top,
And in their quiet way
Elected governors and such,
And fixed things so they 'd stay.

Inside the coach rode merchants proud,
And doctors of renown,
And belles decked out in bombazine,
Which came from Boston town.

While on the seat beside Dan Fling
Sometimes rode Edmund Burke,*
With the courage of a Cossack
And the valor of a Turk.

"Drive on! Drive on!" he 'd say to Dan,
"We must make the tavern soon,
Or my friends on top will die of thirst,
And wreck my Congress boom."

So Dan would crack his ten-foot lash,
Sparks from the hoofs would fly,
Till lights shone thro' the village trees
Like stars in the summer sky.

Landed at the hotel steps,
"Old Boniface" is there;
"The gentlemen, this way," says he,
"The ladies pass upstairs."

And so they sought the taproom first—
Can any one guess what for?
Ah! in those days, the sale of grog
Was not ruled by license law,—

* At one time member of Congress from New Hampshire.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

And politicians loved their tod,
As Isaac Walton loved his rod.
How is it now? To get a smile
You may travel many a weary mile,
And then, if two or three are took,
Your name goes on the dry-list book.

Sometimes in the swirl of the human tide
Daniel Webster to town would ride;
Godlike Webster, before or since,
No man has lived who could with him fence.

And when he passed from human ken,
The world was lonesome without "Black Dan";
He loved the spots where the daisies grew;
He loved his farm and birthplace, too.

He loved the view of old Kearsarge,
And the fields and meadows grand and large.
O, Webster! why did they leave your bones
'Neath the sandy soil where the sad sea moans?

Far better to lie 'neath the elm tree blithe,
Where in boyhood days you hung your scythe,
Where first you opened those wondrous eyes,
On New Hampshire soil, 'neath New Hampshire skies.

In death, as in life, the knell of fate
Rings over your name the words, "Too late."
Too late for life's best boon of God,
Too late in death for your native sod.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

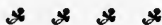
But the bugle calls, the coach is up,
And Dan Fling has the reins;
We 'll soon be bowling o'er the hills
And whirling o'er the plains.

Over the hills to a better land,
Over the plains to rest.
And after all, this human scheme
Is a stage coach ride at best.

'T is up and down the grades of time,
And thro' the valley of fate,
But somehow by the grace of God,
We get there soon or late.

No more as in the olden times
We hear the drivers sing,
No more the crack of the ten-foot lash
Of that famous Jehu, Fling.

But maybe in the great Beyond,
Where daylight never dies,
The Concord coach and the six-in-hand
Are whirling through the skies.



HENRY M. PUTNEY.

(Better known as "Put.")

Not a handsome man, by any means,
Not a Brummel dude or beau;
To fashion's dilletanti
A blunt, outspoken foe.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Not adept in soft caressing,
Or in fawning words and ways;
If he wants a thing he gets it,
And, whate'er the price, he pays.

Tho' his enemies abuse him
'Til the controversy dies,
They cannot say he whimpers;
They cannot say he lies.

A good lover and good hater;
As everybody knows,
He is steadfast in his friendships,
Relentless to his foes.

Had he been a major-general,
'Neath war clouds sullen pall,
He 'd have held the post of danger,
Tho' he saw the heavens fall.

And tho' in many a scrimmage,
'Mid sturdy blow and welt;
No enemy could say of him
He struck below the belt.

There 's much that I admire
In this warrior, grim and bold;
He is made of iron fibre,
Cast in heroic mold.

As once was said of the Devil,
So now I say to you,
Grind out his grist and take the toll,
Then give old "Put" his due.

SEPTEMBER, 1906.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

THE ABANDONED FARM.

Gloomy and sad is the old home now,
Where once was gladsome cheer,
When the farmer of the olden time
Found joy and plenty here.

His fields were broad; the soil was rich
And yielded to the plow; /
Abundant crops grew every year;
Those fields are woodland now.

The pastured hills that echoed back
The lowing of the cow—
A dreary waste—are crowded with
The red-plumed sumac now.

Under that rooftree grim and chill,
The heart once beat with heroic thrill,
Of him who heard the danger call,
And at the signal yielded all.

The flood tide ebb'd in battle strife,
The boon he gave was a sweet young life.
A father's hope, a mother's pride,
Ah, many a boy like him has died!

God bless the flag
Above their graves!
God bless the land
They fought to save!

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Here, musing by the lone hearthstone,
I call on dear names, one by one,
 Some from the realm of eternal rest,
 Some from the distant, boundless west.

Again they seem to gather near,
And each to the roll call answers, "Here!"
 Their spirits by a potent charm
 Return once more to the dear old farm.

Abandoned, desolate, and drear,
No more the goodly farmhouse cheer,
 Thro' ruined walls and sunken roof,
 I see fate's shuttle, warp and woof.

Still grows the lilac in the yard;
 The rose still blossoms by the door;
Still flashes tiger lily bloom,
 But those who loved them come no more.

Perchance in some far western land
 A weary man looks back with pain,
As his heart recalls the old-time home,
 Which he will never see again.

Never in life; but still, perhaps,
 When souls are free to go their way,
The loved of old may come again
 And rest beneath the gables gray.

JULY, 1904.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

THE WILD BIRD'S SONG.

Bird of song upon the treetop,
Singing notes so free and glad,
Ah! 't is often when I listen
That my weary heart is sad.

Sad to think of joys and freedom
That the Maker showers on thee,
While my life is dark and gloomy,
As its sorrows come to me.

Wild bird, thou dost teach a lesson
To the weary, faint, and weak,
That to all there must come blessings,
Who hope with faith and bravely seek.

Naught forgetting, naught rememb'ring,
Joyous singing every day,
Nothing gaining, nothing losing,
Nature's wild, free, careless way.

Oh! be with me, gentle singer,
As I strive myself to save,
Sing along my rugged pathway,
Make me firm and strong and brave.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

TO MY OLD FRIEND.

(S. C. C.)

Come, Steve, sit down along with me;
Let 's talk the old times o'er—
A thing we surely have not done
For thirty years or more.

Old man, the cycles roll around
At electric motor gait,
And in the frenzy of the whirl
We 've both been touched by fate.

We 've kept above the tide of time,
And battled with the wave,
Tho' many have been left behind
We 'd give our lives to save.

Today throw trouble to the winds;
Let cares and duties go their way;
'T is only once in thirty years
We have our memory day.

Call back the boys who rushed the ball
On the old brick schoolhouse grounds;
Some still are in the race of life;
More sleep 'neath churchyard mounds.

Call back the girls who urged us on
With words of hope and cheer;
Their voices faded long ago;
But few are with us here.

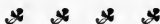
BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

I hear the roll-call often now,
When the night winds o'er me blow,
Just as it came from the master's lips,
So many years ago.

The answer of the living ones
Comes dimly from afar,
While many a name upon the list
Now bears a fatal star.

We wait our turn; 't will come ere long,
And when we have to go
I hope they 'll toll the schoolhouse bell
We heard so long ago.

JANUARY, 1903.



**TO AUNT EUNICE CHASE, ON HER EIGHTIETH
BIRTHDAY.**

Eighty years!

And yet no chilling wind or winter snow,
But sunlight glad, above, below;
Still on the hills the leaves are green,
And flowers bloom where the waters flow.

Still glows from out the clear, brave eye
The light of love and truth,
And mantles o'er the pure, sweet face
The rose-blush tint of youth.

You nobly wrought in life's broad field;
You sowed good seed; good works were thine;
Now yours the vintage that they yield;
The ripened clusters load the vine.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Your mission, ever cherished, dear,
To dry on sorrow's face the tear;
To make the faint heart strong and true,
And all the world seem more like you.

Tonight I render thanks and praise
For your cheering, hopeful, loving ways,
My teacher, just as fond and true
As in those gladsome olden days.

At every morn new spirit comes,
And when the evening shadows fall,
You rest in bliss of health and faith,
Sustained by One who cares for all.

May your life be blessed with gems of love,
Bestowed by that kind Friend above!
And here or there, as He may will,
Its sacred destiny fulfill!

I know you 're ever thinking
As you walk the silent shore,
Of him who left you long ago
And passed along before.

Of the blessed, heavenly strength,
His fond life to you gave,
Of his glad and fervid welcome
When you cross the misty wave.

He lingers in the meadows,
Where flowers ever grow,
And waits for you beside the stream,
Where the purling waters flow.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

And when the sere leaves on the hill
Proclaim that winter night is nigh,
When the gentle heart is still,
Strength leaves the pulse, and sight the eye,

Oh, then, he 'll greet, caress you,
'Neath celestial, sacred sheen,
And you 'll walk with him forever
Glad paths in pastures green.

Spoken, thoughts of love and friendship,
Radiant with the soul's pure light;
Loyal hearts beat warm around you;
Take them; they are yours tonight.

This our cheer, our word of greeting,
This the tribute that we give:
God bless you, friend, oh long be with us!
And ever may your memory live!



WEDDING BENEDICTA.

[To Ned and Margaret.]

As mute reminders of affection
That ever in our hearts shall stay,
Your friends and kindred pass these tokens
With the hand of love today.

Take them, children, keep them ever,
And as life-days pass along
May the fervor of your being
Glow as nectar pure and strong.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Flowers all along your pathway
Bloom forever as in May,
And the wild birds in the treetops
Sing their cheery morning lay.

Dear young friends, may love and fortune
Ever guide you on your way,
And whate'er may be your portion,
Here 's hope and cheer from us today!



MY FRIEND.

He walks with me
In pastures green,
And through the woods
In shadows cool.

He leads me
Over templed hills,
And by the purling,
Bubbling pool.

He rests with me
On mossy mound;
Such peace can nowhere else
Be found.

Such tranquil joy
Is never given,
As there to sleep
And dream of heaven.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

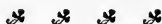
I trust in Him;
He is my Friend;
My faith is strong
Unto the end.

And tho' His face
I cannot see,
I feel Him always
Near to me.

He 's near in gladness
And in pain;
His promised aid
Is not in vain.

Forever near, tho' never seen,
He walks with me
Life's pastures green.

DECEMBER, 1906.



SENTIMENTS OF A CLASSMATE.

We meet once more, as in the old time,
With fervent clasp of loyal hand,
Here to pledge again the honor
Of our dear devoted band.

May we drink it with a promise
Of faithful heart and loving eye,
That the bond shall e'er grow stronger
Till we join the boys on high.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Here 'mid Yuletide joys and blessings,
Gifts of fortune, fruits of fame,
We vow that we will cherish fondly
Our loved and honored old class name.

We, yet living, hopeful, winning,
Striving on o'er life's rough ways,
Oh may we hold in mem'ry ever
The loves and joys of college days.

DECEMBER 27, 1906.



THE MASTER.

The winds of God blow on and on,
His waters ne'er recede,
And all in their own way pursue
The trend of human need.

His mighty forces turn the wheels,
The tides of commerce ebb and flow,
And by their aid the wage is earned,
As cycles come and go.

I wot not why weak man should say,
"We know not of His care,"
When from Him we receive each day
Life's treasures rich and rare.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

"COMPANY G."

[Dedicated to John D. Colby, in memory of the old Warner home.]

We called ourselves "Company G,"
We fellows who used to loaf
By the grim old bulkhead door,
Swap lies about our strings of fish,
Tell cooning yarns, galore,
Waiting for orders to "fall in"
From our grand, brave captain, John D.

And he *was* grand,
For in that remote corner
Of the dear old town, sacred to some,
Whose hearts with pleasure
Its memory fills,
There were none like him;
He was surely monarch of the hills,
This captain of "Company G."

We were not regulars of the line,
With equipage and toggerly fine,
And regimentals cap-a-pie;
We were plain and simple "Company G."

Our rendezvous was the old bulkhead,
In shade of the poplar tree;
'T was there we met for daily drill
At the morning reveille.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Somehow it all comes back to me;
I hear their stories o'er,
The repartee, the old heart songs,
Of those who used to gather there,
But gather, ah, no more.

I 've heard the sweetest singers
Of high-keyed opera lays,
Neilson in her choicest notes,
And Carey's roundelays.

But my ear has never caught a sound,
In fifty years and more,
Which waked such echoes in my heart
As those songs at the bulkhead door.

The chorus ringing o'er the hills,
E'er swelling louder, wider,
Was followed by the stern command,
"Company G fall in for rations;"
That meant for us sweet cider.

It was in the tightly bunged up cask,
The best of all in town,
And at the word, thro' the bulkhead door,
Would "Company G" "fall down."

I 've tested vintage of the Rhine,
Madeira's pure and grand old wine,
And for medicine a Scotch night-cap,
But never nectar passed my lips
Like the old bulkhead's sweet cider tap.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

It was just a happy soubriquet,
This title, "Company G,"
But we loved it more than Masonic rank
Of thirty-third degree.
There was no black list and no black ball;
We were staunch and loyal, one and all.

We used to gather there at noon,
Hot, tired, hungry, dry,
When the haying job was on,
And the dogstar climbed on high,

Just before the dinner bell
Rung forth with welcome din,
And wait our captain's order,
"Company G, fall in!"

And so again that chosen band,
Deserving of renown,
Would duck their heads,
For the door was low,
And immediately "fall down."

I've tramped a little in my day,
Sampled landlords in my way,
Tried Hooper at the Granite House
And Whipple at Touraine,
And then returned with sober steps
To the dear old farm again.

Nowhere a better man to see
Than the captain of old "Company G,"
That Nature's child,
My long-time, cherished friend, John D.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

We 're sailing, sailing ever on,
Stormtossed by an angry sea,
By landmarks of the olden time,
Dear to the heart of you and me;
And as I float o'er the waters wide,
And pass loved features on every side,
On memory's disc I cannot see
A fonder spot than the old bulkhead,
The camping ground of "Company G."

AUGUST, 1907.



THE QUAKERS.

[Read at the Weare Old Home Day celebration, August 22, 1907. Dedicated to the Hon. Jesse M. Gove.]

Out from centuries of conflict,
From din of clashing creeds,
From age of persecution,
Which he must know who reads,

From the scourge of inquisition,
When truth fell beneath its ban,
From the turmoil of dark ages,
Came the simple Quaker clan.

As fond and true as thè Christ they love,
As clear in faith as the skies above,
As pure in life as our mountain rills,
As loyal as our steadfast hills.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

No cant or carp at other ways,
No ceremonial form or maze;
With heart and cheer for him who strives,
And ritual simple as their lives.

Jesse, does thee remember
The good old Quaker days,
Their steadfast, honest, sober faith,
Their kindly deeds, and quiet ways,
Their loyal hearts, their love of peace?
But when treason's act was done,
How manfully the Quaker boys
Stood up behind the guns!

Does thee doubt my word?
Take a step or two,
Read from yon scroll of fame,
In golden text on honor's list,
Full many a Quaker name.

Yes, the Goves are there,
Dan Johnson, who fought at Malvern Hill,
Valentine Chase and Eddie Cram,
Their memory lingers still.

And dozens more whom freedom's call
Led like the voice of God;
Some rest on northern hillsides;
Some sleep 'neath southern sod.

They did their duty bravely, well;
Struck shackles from the slave;
And ever o'er their silent homes
The dear old flag shall wave.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Does thee remember Moses Sawyer?
His name suggests a chapter
Of anti-slavery lore:
One night a trembling negro slave
Knocked softly at his door.
"Come in," he said, "thee 's welcome;
Have food; I know thy wants.

"Whate'er befall to me or mine,
I 'll see thee safe across the line."
He did; and freedom's mantle to the negro came.
For that one act, if nothing more,
God bless the grand old Quaker's name!

I will say in this presence,
At this time, in this place,
That man was Fred Douglass,
The champion hero of his race.

Does thee think of Zephaniah?
We boys all loved him in our way;
He always had a word of cheer,
Something good to do or say;
However dark the sombre cloud,
He saw thro' it the light of day.

Always hopeful, planning, striving,
Ever looking for the best;
There passed from earth a faithful toiler
When his light went out
And he found rest.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

An honest heart, a spotless life,
Of grand, high moral tone;
The trees he loved at Granite Farm
Are lonesome now he 's gone.

Charlie, I want to say to thee,
As thee loves thy father's name,
Preserve the sacred manor home
In memory of the dear lost ones,
And when at last thee falls on sleep
Pass it along unto thy sons.

And, Jesse, when thee sits at eve, and thinks and
thinks and thinks,
While the sombre voices of the night
Call over hill and mead,
And shadows of old friends draw near,
Oh, drop a tear in memory
Of Zephaniah Breed.

A simple act of a noble heart,
But I sometimes think our little deeds of love
Make those more glad who 've found their rest
In the other life above.

Does thee ever call on Eunice Chase
At the little corner store?
She 's not a Quaker, but a friend to all.
Her memory is a volume
Of rare, quaint story and of lore.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Her great heart filled with love and cheer,
Her noble works seem never done.
God bless her! I have worshiped her
Ever since she taught the school
'Way back in sixty-one.

Go there, Jesse; sit beneath her spell;
Thee 'll feel the spirit in thee move
As legends of old times she 'll tell;
And when thee thinks of her works of love
And life of holy cheer,
Thee 'll say with me, as I say now,
We have an angel with us here.

In the camping ground of fame,
On her laurel-crested hills,
Full many a noble Quaker name
A silent tent of honor fills.

No purer word, no sweeter thought
E'er uttered by the lips of men
Than language of a heart of love
That flowed at will from Whittier's pen.

Another left on the path of time
A footprint deep and strong;
We see it now as we tread the way,
Tho' years and years have gone
Since he waved his hand
As the boat sailed on
Across the waters wide,
Till it reached the shore,
With its precious freight,
Beyond the sunset tide.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

I wonder now, in his phantom tent,
Does he our memory tribute know?
Hear the voice of worthy fame
As it echoes through the passing years
And honors Moses Cartland's name?

But, Friends, thee may be weary,
And the night is coming on;
Ere shadows rest upon the hills
I 'll read to thee a song.

The Old Fireside.

I call old faces back again,
Old friends, once more I take your hands;
The dear ones of the long ago
Come to my heart, a memory grand.
Where'er they rest on time's dim track,
I call them back, I call them back.

The blessed circle of the home!
And there the sons who loved to roam,
However good or ill betide,
Were welcomed back to the old fireside.

What cheer it gave with its ruddy rays;
No star e'er seemed so bright on high
As the beacon light of the wood fire blaze.

The altar where their prayers were said,
The Mecca of their loves and vows,
How clearly through the past it glows!
I see it plainly burning now.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Had I the artist's magic skill,
The touch of genius, I would trace,
That all the world might see again,
The dear, old-fashioned fireplace.

Had I the precious gift of song,
I 'd chant the notes of love and praise
I heard so many years ago
Before the backlog's ruddy blaze.

And were it mine to go beyond,
And talk with loved ones o'er the wave,
I 'd tell them, while I 've yet the strength,
I 'll guard the treasures that they gave—

Treasures of the mind and heart,
Borne unto us upon life's tide,
Sweetest, dearest of them all
Are memories of the old fireside.

.
Oh, loyal, loving, cherished Friends!
Let not our hearts grow cold,
But warmer, ever warmer,
As the dial points to sunset,
As years pass on and we grow old!



“He loved the view of old Kearsarge ”

—See page 132

OLD SALISBURY.

Old Salisbury, God bless you
For what you have been!

Old Salisbury, God bless you
For what you are!

Salisbury, old Salisbury,
From the Revolution dawn,

Your history teems with tales
Of the deeds of heroic men.

The smoke which curled over Bunker Hill
Shaded the brows of Salisbury men.

They stood in battle line at Bennington;
They died of hunger and cold at Valley Forge.

They charged the bloody heights of Fredericksburg;
They met Pickett at Cemetery Ridge.

Salisbury, old Salisbury,
You have emblazoned on your crest
A galaxy of historic names,

The Websters, the Bartletts,
The Pingrees and the Eastmans.

Men whose words and deeds,
In the forum and in the school,

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

In the pulpit and on the battlefield,
Have added lustre to the name,

And made brighter the fame
Of the town, the state, and the republic.

And while the eagle screams on Kearsarge,
"While the waters of your river
Flow down to the sea;"

While your men teach their sons,
As their fathers taught them,

To honor the old flag
And defend the institutions
O'er which it waves,

The star of your glory
Shall never burn dim.



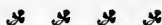
**TO MOSES GAGE SHIRLEY, ON HIS FORTY-THIRD
BIRTHDAY, MAY 15, 1908.**

My Friend,
The incense of her blossoms
Makes sweet the air of May;
It cheers you, as you tread the hills,
On this your natal day.

Your songs are of the mountain,
As chaste in word and tone
As Whittier's of the Bear-camp,
Or Burns's of Bonnie Doon.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Long may your voice amid the hills
Like wild birds' call arise,
And beauteous flowers at Sunnyside
Make glad your loving eyes.



BEYOND THE SEA.

A bird flew from the sky one morn,
When flashed the glory of the dawn;
A note of love he sung to me,
The love of one beyond the sea.

The waveless, tideless, phantom sea.

A friend whose life was glad with song,
Now gone so long, now gone so long.

I said, "Does he e'er wish for me,
My friend of friends beyond the sea?"

"He sighs for thee; he sighs for thee;
He sighs in his tent beside the sea."

Fly back, fly back, while yet 't is morn,
Across the golden bar once more;
Fly back 'til you meet my friend again,
My friend in his tent upon the shore,

And tell him when the sun goes down,
And earth no more has charms for me,
I 'll come to him, I 'll come to him,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sea.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

WRITTEN IN MEMORY OF LADY GRAY.

[To my cousins, Herman F. and Sophronia E. Badger.]

She had no blazoned pedigree,
No record had she spoiled,
But still she left a memory dear
To those who with her toiled.

Tho' faithful, patient, loving,
She could not speak her heart;
'T was hers to do her master's will
And humbly act her part.

And ever when in harness,
In field or on the road,
Whate'er the task she did it well,
She bore the heavy load.

.
Alas! the wrecked, abandoned home,
What mem'ries linger still
Of those who in the long ago
Lived on the dear old hill!

Go sit beneath the maples,
They may come again today,
And in her old familiar place
You may see Lady Gray.

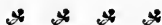
BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Ah, no, 't is but a fancy;
We linger for their call—
No voice is heard, no step draws near,
And empty is her stall.

Plod on again your journey
Wherever duty wills,
And somewhere you may meet them all,
The loved ones of the hills.

But when the winter winds blow wild
Along the weary way,
And fierce the storm and dark the night,
You'll sigh for Lady Gray.

SEPTEMBER, 1908.



TO MR. SAMUEL B. HOPE.

Eighty glad and happy years!
How softly came each day!
How broke the morning, bright with hope!
How paled the evening gray!

How burst the springtime into green!
How bright the summer glow!
How gorgeous was the autumn sheen!
How white the winter snow!

You 've drunk life's wine,
You 've ate its fruit,
And now in peace you live,
Serene in hope, with faith sublime,
And wait what God may give.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Behind, the beams of morning light
Glow dimly and afar,
While in the west, o'er burnished cloud,
Shines bright the evening star.

My friend, you saw the springtime
And the summer glories go;
And now you hear glad winter bells
Ring o'er the glistening snow.

It is not mine to look beyond
And pierce the shadows thro',
But, Uncle Sam, somehow I feel,
'T will all be well with you!
'T will all be well with you!



GOUGEVILLE.

Kismet, you ask me to locate,
Somewhere within our grand old state,
A town or city out of date,
Called Gougeville.

I 'll make an effort now to do it
To please a valued friend and poet,
Otherwise I would eschew it,
For what care I
For Gougeville?

So here this morn at four o'clock
I set aside my matin walk,
And cut in two my morning nap,
That I may locate on the map
Old Gougeville.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

So clear I 'll picture to your mind,
Like signboard swinging in the wind,
That the wayfaring man, though a fool, can find
Grim Gougeville.

Less than three miles from Joe English's brow,
As flies the crow, sou'west by sou',
By a stream that would hardly float a scow,
Is Gougeville.

To New Boston town its tax is paid,
In New Boston soil its bones are laid,
The winds blow o'er it with a sigh,
The lucktide flood has passed it by,
Lone Gougeville.

It once could boast a busy mill,
A church, a store and schoolhouse, too,
But panic struck it long ago,
And its star of fortune sank from view,
Gone Gougeville.

Now sway is held by grim wharf rats,
With grewsome neighbors, owls and bats;
Fit emblems of abandoned town,
Fit emblems of its sun gone down,
Deserted Gougeville.

If Goldsmith, otherwise called "Noll,"
Could walk, a ghost, the old street down,
And see the gloomy, solemn pall
That hovers o'er it like a frown,
He 'd murmur,
"This beats my 'deserted town,'
Alas for Gougeville!"

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

I think Joe English, grim and brave,
Would smile, if from her silent grave,
Could rise again her name to save,
 Poor Gougeville!

From "Colby Crest" Frog Rock looks down
Upon a saddened, ruined town:
Gone the village, gone the mill,
All gone but Frog Rock on the hill.
And if in stone grief had a place,
Tears would course down its granite face,
 For Gougeville.



GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, my friend, the vespers call,
And shadows of the evening fall.

Good night, until the God of day
Paints the hills with golden ray.

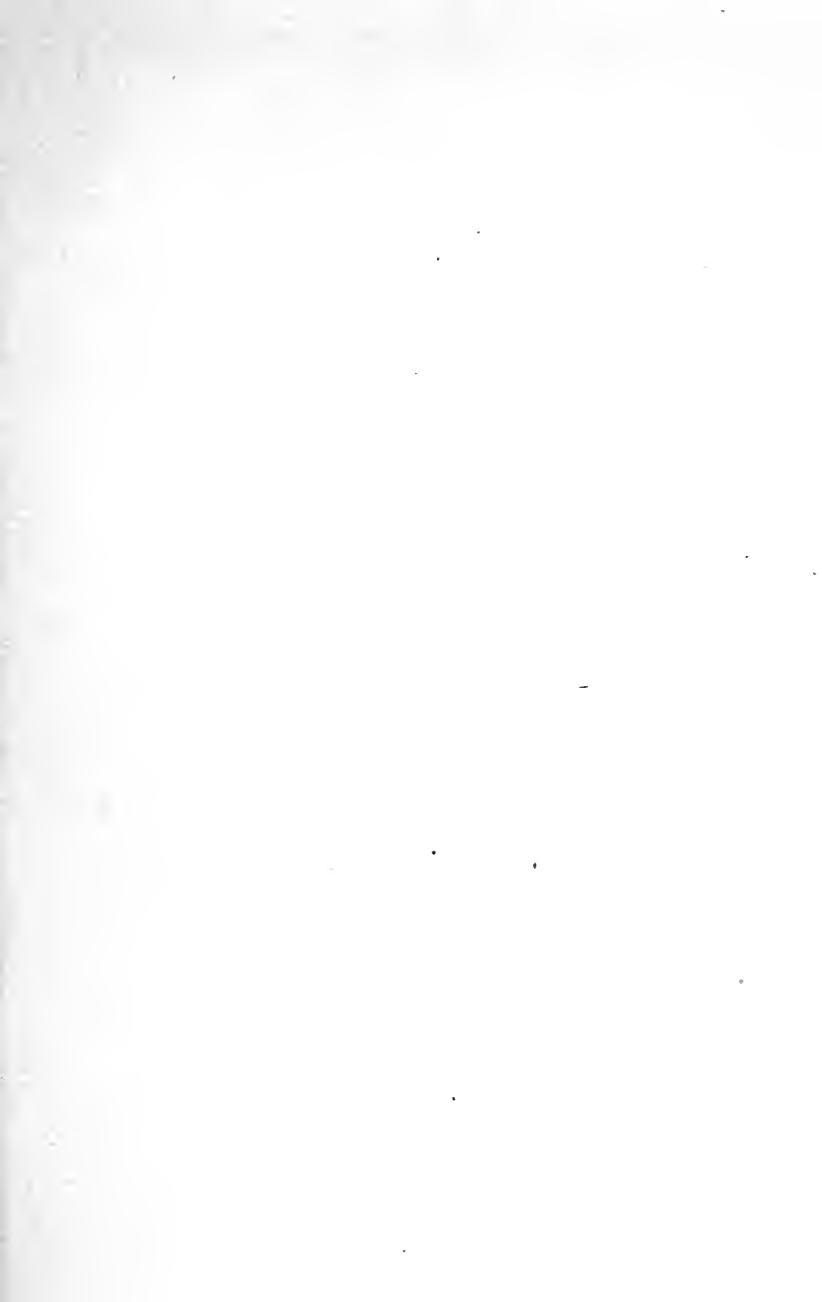
Good night, for now the stars on high
Light up the vast realm of the sky.

The smile of heaven they seem to be,
And promise of rest for you and me.

Good night, awaken in the morn
Fresh at the breaking of the dawn,

Fresh to journey on your way,
Strong for the duties of the day.

'Neath soothing smile of pale star light,
I leave you now, good night, good night.





“Why do you sing, ‘Squog River’”

— See page 35

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

GOOD MORNING!

When night has passed and day has come
With the glory of its dawning,

We greet our friends with a happy smile
And the cheery word, "Good morning!"

No Oriental salam,
No courtly gesture grand,
The simple words, "Good morning,"
And friendship's kindly hand.

There 's warmth and fervor in it,
There 's faith from true hearts born,

There 's honor in the hand-clasp
Of friends at early morn.

Oh sweet the greet from heart to heart,
Before we cross the tide,

But sweeter still will be the greeting
Upon the other side.

And when we 've passed beyond the bar,
And landed in the realm afar,

Landed 'neath the heavenly dawning,
Oh friends! we 'll meet with a "Good morning!"

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

A SUMMER'S DREAM.

This summer night is still; so still
That the horned owl on yonder hill
Seems half afraid to break the spell
And call his mate from out the dell.

The bearded hermit, whip-poor-will,
Has ceased to send his challenge shrill
To will-o'-the-wisp, whose wavering gleam
Lights the lone marshes by the stream.

No more tonight the red fox barks,
No more for him the coney harks,
No more the raccoon's trembling call,
Or cry of the weasel from the wall.

Nature's panacea of Rest,
Of all her gifts is first and best.

Here, under Luna's soft, pale light,
Before my mist-enveloped sight,
Dim spirit forms seem grouping near,
And whispering voices reach my ear,

Of friends who left me long ago.
Those forms in times of old I knew,
Some clad in garments of the farm,
And some in faded army blue.

And can it be that friends come back
To share our earthly joys and ills?
And are they here again tonight
To tread with me these silent hills?

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Ah, no! the hour has past; my wakened eyes
Gaze on the morning's ruddy gleam;
I learn at last with sad surprise,
My vision was a summer's dream.



HOW SOON?

How soon, oh Friend, is it to be?
From placid earth or stormy sea,
From busy town or forest wild,
Is He to take his humble child?

How soon from summer morning fair,
Or winter evening's chilly air?
From noonday's clear and brilliant light,
Or starless, moonless, gloomy night?

From friendship's kindly, faithful arms,
Or place where love has lost its charms?
From honor's list or fame's mad race,
Or from misfortune's grim embrace?

To go to land where flowers bloom,
Or deserts weird and ghostly gloom?
Where bird songs fill the morning air,
Or realm of darkness and despair?

Whene'er it be, 't is His to say,
Where'er we go, He 'll show the way;
He 'll call us surely, one by one,
We can but say, "Thy will be done!"

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

TO HON. N. P. HUNT.

Away back in my college days,
A legend stood to tell
How you climbed the lightning rod
And rang old Dartmouth's bell.

Mad freak of a wild schoolboy will,
But prophetic in a way,
For you 've been climbing ever since,
And we hear your bells today.

'T was always Boots and Saddles,
And ever push and climb;
No matter where the chips fell,
You hewed straight to the line.

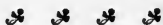
"*Justicia fiat*," a tenure strong
Of stern, judicial school,
Your motto, tho' I 've seen a tear
When you held to the iron rule.

Where'er in ranks of men you stood,
Where the lines of life were cast,
You heard the voice of justice;
You served her first and last.

And now in glow of afternoon,
Ere yet the sunset gold,
Justicia fiat still guides on,
As in the days of old.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

I wish you, Judge, glad, happy years;
Long may you live to tell
Of the night you climbed the lightning rod
And rang old Dartmouth's bell!



TO CAPT. DAVID PERKINS.

Capt. Dave:

I wish to have a word with you,
A word on honor, straight and true.

I 've yet to hear from the pulpit,
Or at the bar,
More worldly wisdom,
More humane doctrines,
Than have come to me between the puffs
Of your cigar.

Down in the quaint old Hubbard store
I 've heard your sermons o'er and o'er,
Spiced with tobacco-laden lore,
How some forged on, and gained the day,
How some poor fellow dropped by the way.
With truthful lips and honest eyes,
No one e'er said that David lies.

I 've seen you buttonhole a tramp,
A ragged, friendless, homeless scamp,
And preach a discourse
Which Brother Bowers—and I hope he 's near—
Would wish to borrow if he could hear.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

And when you took your hand from his arm
A coin dropped into his grimy palm.
That 's religion; that is heart;
A Christian act, a manly part.

No higher praise to any can come
Than to him who does his best
To aid his fellow man
And raise the fallen from the slum.

You pinch every evil doer,
And make him crouch and yield,
But you would not crush a single flower
That grows in God's green field;

And sometime in the far away—
Not soon, let us hope and pray—
There should be inscribed above a grave,
"Here lies a lover of nature and of mankind—
Captain Dave."



TO HON. DAVID CROSS.

I heard your voice in Fremont times;
I saw your tears when Garfield fell.
I 've loved you on as boy and man,
Thro' friendship's long, unbroken spell

I 've followed you thro' causes dark;
Success seemed hidden in the night.
I 've seen your genius wake the spark
Which brought truth forth into the light.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Where are those who toiled with you?
The Morrisons, the Clarks—all gone!
Briggs, Huse, the Bells, no longer here,
But still you tread life's journey on,
With brave, strong heart and vision clear.

In the seeding and the growing time
You wrought with manly cheer,
And now the golden harvest
And the vintage days are near.

The years that cluster o'er your brow
Are not like faded, pallid sheaf,
But with a glory ever green,
Like never-dying laurel leaf.

Ever in front at mercy's call,
Of duty ever in the van.
God bless you, Judge! We hail you here,
Beloved, respected, Grand Old Man!



ALL'S WELL.

"All 's well!" calls the sentinel at night,
As he paces his beat to and fro,
And scans with eager, sleepless eyes
The silent ranks of the foe.

"All 's well!" says the patient man of thought,
As he waits for reason's dawn,
From centuries of darksome mist
To the glorious light of morn.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

"All 's well!" says the youth as he takes the troth
With a kiss from the blushing bride,
And vows that ne'er again for her
Shall cares or ills betide.

"All 's well!" says the weary man of years
As he lays his burden down;
Ah! all that 's left him here below
Is a cross without a crown.

Far out on the picket-line of stars
Old Neptune watches grim,
And tho' our eyes may see him not,
We know all 's well with him.

All 's well on earth and on the sea,
And in the star-land even;
O, may we feel as on we go,
All 's well for us in Heaven.



**LINES IN MEMORY OF MAJOR, MY FAITHFUL COON
DOG.**

Still, the ever faithful heart,
Closed, the almost human eye;
Oh, Death, how at thy name we start!
Oh, Nature, what is it to die?

A life went out; no knell, no prayer;
But it may be that here or there,
Upon the hillside or the plain,
He 's waiting for his friend again.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

We do not know the Master's scheme,
But 't is my fondest wish and dream
That pets we hold with love so rare,
Shall be forever with us there.

I ask the question from my heart,
With hope that cheers and thrills,
Will he not call to me again
From off the dear old hills?

For I shall pause and listen,
When fall the shadows dark,
To hear again that welcome sound,
His truthful, ringing bark.

Some whom I loved have failed me,
The trust I gave I rue,
But in sunshine or in shadow
Major was always true.

So now I write these heartfelt lines
Of one whose life could not offend;
Asleep where pine tree shadows fall,
My mute but ever faithful friend.

A Belief.

We all must yield to God's great plan;
With man or dog, it 's just the same,
Sweet dreams and peaceful rest at last,
No matter what our gifts or fame.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

THE THREE GRACES.

[And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—Cor. xiii, 13.]

Faith.

She looks with longing vision,
Out on the waters wide,
Where o'er the restless billows,
Reigns Venus in her pride.

She sees the proud ship sailing,
Heeds not the breakers' roar;
She knows that from the ocean
Her love returns once more.

Her trust is grand, tho' tempests howl,
And siren voices sing,
His heart is hers,
He has her troth,
Her finger bears his ring.

Oh, Faith, you 've won the battle,
On many a cheerless day;
The charm which flashes from thine eyes
Has swept the clouds away.

For when along life's pathway,
No friendly light appears,
Naught but the ruin of fond hopes,
And wrecks, and graves, and tears.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

An arm that 's strong sustaineth,
A pledge that 's ever true,
His promise to His children,
"My love is over you."

Hope.

When breaks upon the headland
The angry, seething wave,
And ship and crew and cargo
There seems no power to save.

When the trusted anchor of your bark
Has parted from the rope,
While yet the star is shining,
Oh, mariner, have hope.

That steadfast, cheering, kindly light,
E'er glowing from on high;
God placed it there to guide us,
That beacon in the sky.

On life's broad, pathless ocean,
Where'er your course is laid,
A voice calls o'er the billows,
" 'T is I; be not afraid."

Oh, sailor, look above you,
As with the waves you cope,
For radiant in the heavens
Is the symbol of your hope.

No grander countersign of life,
E'er whispered o'er its sea,
Than that which fell from sacred lips,
"Hope shall abide with thee."

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Charity.

When one whom you loved
Mistakes, falls down,
And the cold world gives him but a frown,
Have charity!

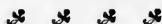
If he, your friend, when skies were dark,
Himself upon his luckless bark,
Strikes reefs and shoals
Of an angry sea,
Where breakers roar, no port, no lee;
Gone every mast, and sail, and rope,
All gone but the faintest ray of hope;
Gone reputation, wealth and fame,
And treasure of a spotless name,
Have charity!

When she falls beside the way,
No flowers there, no friend to say,
"Rise up, be firm, be true, be strong,
There 's honor yet and life is long;
He who gave it, He can save;
Reck not misfortune, but be brave,"
And when she lifts her pleading eyes
Up to the gloomy, starless skies,

For a single, cheering ray of hope,
Oh, give your hand and bid her rise!
Have charity!

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Faith, hope, and charity abide,
Like stars they ever cheer and guide;
Abide to make our lives more fair,
To bring the light of Heaven more near,
Dispel our sorrow, dry the tear.
"But the greatest of these
Is charity."



THE PASTOR AND UNCLE "EL."

[A tale of a minister's experience in Salisbury.]

In the old red house is naught
But ghostly shadows;
The chilling breath of time
Has quenched
The cheering backlog blaze:
Withered and scattered
The loves and blessings of other days.

Sitting here by the moss grown wall,
Beneath the oilnut tree,
Where in days so bright and blithe
Dear Uncle "El" would grind his scythe,
The past comes back to me
And fond memories I recall.

Lingering, musing, here alone,
Where once for him I turned the stone,
Heard the chipmunk on the wall,
That thrifty, frugal, half-tame pet,
It seems to me I hear him yet,
Answer back his mate's love call.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

The dear old man was not rich,
Worth a million many times,
Like a Morgan or yet an Astor,
But prudent, saving of his dimes;
Withal generous in his way,
For every Christmas he would give
A joint of pork or a nice fat fowl
To the good old pastor,

Who, in turn, next Sunday morn,
Would pray
That such as he might live for
Many a day.
In his gentle heart did love abound;
At peace with all the world;
His barns well filled—no debts;
His cellar stored with earth's best gifts;
No apprehension of financial stricture
Held o'er his life Want's horrid picture.

Albeit, in his humble way—
'T was oft done then and is today—
He 'd sometimes turn an honest penny,
In manner right for him as any,
Who have the goods and wish to fill
Their coffers up, to keep until
The tax man and the store man come,
To dun him with their yearly bill.

And so when some lank, thirsty wight
Would call on him by day or night,
The rate was fixed, the price was set
For that which might his palate tickle—
A mug of cider for a nickel.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

They had no license in those days,
Those men with thought and purpose high;
But when friend was sick or cold or dry,
Thank God, they had puritanic ways;
Would do a favor any time,
And on occasion turn a dime.

One summer eve, I 've not the date,
The boys around the village square
Made up their minds
Old Independence Day to celebrate;
They fired more guns than I can tell,
Broke into the church and rung the bell.

And then, it is not strange, I think,
Their stomachs craved refreshing drink,
Like juice of apple or wine of plum;
They had no use for gin or rum;
Said one, "Let 's call on Uncle 'El,'
He will serve us and never tell."

'T was a nickel a mugful
For the liquid joys;
They drank and drank,
'Til the cask ran low;
And then passed on,
Those wild, free boys—
Woke the old folks up
With their jolly noise.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Who sat up in bed and heard them yell,
Turned back to sleep and said, "Ah, well,
They 've been down and called on Uncle 'El,'
Never mind; it 's Independence Day;
The same old trick we used to play;
Let them have their fun; let them make their noise;
'Boys will be boys! Boys will be boys!'"

But the parson heard them and he was sad;
They woke his wife and she was mad;
She said, "My dear, good Uncle 'El'
Is sending those boys right straight to hell.

"Now you must call on him at morn,
And labor with him, sure as you 're born;
Tell him it 's an awful crime
To sell them cider at midnight time."

"If I go there and scold and growl,
Why, I may lose my Christmas fowl;"
But as we married men well know,
If the woman said it, he had to go.
Down went the good man with wrinkled brow;
In mind I seem to see him now,
Ambling the flower-bordered walk,
With dear old Uncle "El" to talk.

It 's just as well to tell you here
Uncle "El" was along in years;
The infirmities of age were on—
He was what they now call "tough in the ears";
And those who talked with him thereabout
Would not speak low, but always shout.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

The parson said, "I came to speak about the cider;"
His voice broke like a charge of powder;
But Uncle "El," with his hand to his ear,
Said, "For God's sake, parson, please speak louder."

The parson opened his mouth still wider;
"Did you fill the boys up on your cider?"
Uncle "El" heard the last word—
Quick to speak, tho' he was old—
Gave back from his big heart—
"Cider? Yes, I 'll draw some;
Which do you want, the new or the old?
Have what you wish; it 's for you to say;
One mug or two—just half the regular fee to pay."

Said parson, "It don't accord with the Word of
Christ——"

"Price? Oh, yes, a nickel a mugful for the boys,
But to you, as sure as I 'm alive,
I 'll sell two mugfuls for a five."

Silent stood the dazed divine,
His pride had had a fall,
And yet within his saintly heart
He felt the still, commanding voice,
Heard word of duty call.

At length he said, "And must I fail!
And must my purpose weaken!"
"Oh, no," said Uncle "El." "Oh, no,
I 'm too old to be a deacon."

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Once again the good man spoke:
"I 'm surprised, sir, on my life,
And need you ask me why?"
"Well, well," said Uncle "El," "well, well,
I 'll send some to your wife,
And do it on the sly."

"Good-by, good-by," the parson said;
"Good-by, my friend of old;
I hope and pray to some time dwell
Where cider is not sold."

Still calls the chipmunk on the wall,
Still stands the oilnut tree;
But friends who made the old home glad
Have gone, all gone from me.



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.—THE YULE TIDE.

Brightly burns the log tonight;
Softly glows the Christmas light;
Gently sigh the winter winds;
Now the Yule Tide joy begins.

Now sadness from the heart is driven,
And promise of true friendship given;
Now faith and honor pledged to last,
And truth and virtue welded fast.

Burn forever, Yule Tide blaze!
Stay forever, Yule Tide days!
Sing forever, Yule Tide song!
Though life be short or life be long.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Oh, Yule Tide log, still may you glow;
On troubled ways your glad light throw;
At Yule Tide time, oh, may a prayer
Commend us to Christ's love and care.

DECEMBER 25, 1905.



FROM AMOSKEAG TO BUNKER HILL.

[Dedicated to Molly Stark Chapter of Daughters of American Revolution.]

Of that same month in seventy-five,
When Paul Revere made his famous ride,
And lit the revolution spark,
There 's memory grand of brave John Stark.

Up the valley came sounds of war,
Borne on the south wind, clear and strong;
John Stark heard them, he knew the call,
He knew the notes of the wild war song.

He 'd fought in bloody Indian times;
Heard their battle yell 'mid the northern pines;
The fervid fever was on him still;
With the saw in the log he stopped his mill.

The call of danger brooked no delay;
With a wave of his hand John Stark was away;
Not for glory,
Not for fame,
But to play his part in the grim war game.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Away he rode in the morning air,
Past field and orchard and meadow fair,
As ever his tireless, hardy steed
Swept on and on at his utmost speed.

At Cohas a moment he drew the rein,
To rally the Goffes,
Then on again,
On to Litchfield tavern stand,
Where he told the men of that loyal town
To follow him
Ere the sun went down.

His blood flowed warm,
And his pulse throbbed high,
While stern and hard
Gleamed his Scotch blue eye,

As he urged and spurred with barbed heel,
And onward sped with lion heart
And nerves of steel,
And gave his cry
In tones of thunder, peal on peal.

Ever calling the wild ride thro',
"Rise up, comrades, brave and true;
Meet me at Medford; there 's work to do!

"We fought the Indians long ago;
Now we must meet the British foe!

"I left saw in the log;
Leave your plows in the field;
The war storm 's on;
We must never yield!"

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

And so he rode,
The whole day thro',
Sixty miles, if a furlong,
Till he reached the place of rendezvous,

Ever shouting the danger call,
"Rise up, brave men; come one, come all!"

Gathered there New Hampshire's clan,
Backwoodsmen, heroes to a man;
There to face the war storm dark,
To win or die with brave John Stark.

Near where the Mystic's waters lave
The sands, ere they reach the ocean wave,

On that June-time morning, long ago,
They stood in column to meet the foe.

"They 're coming, coming! Steady! Steady!!
Arms apart! Make ready! Ready!!"

From man to man the order flies,
"Wait till you see the whites of their eyes!"

"Keep cool! Keep cool!
Don't lose your head!
The whites of their eyes!
Then aim at their waist bands!
Don't waste your powder!
Don't waste your lead!"

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Grim and stern, the brave men stood,
Fixed as their own New Hampshire pines,
And something in New Hampshire eyes
Meant danger to the British lines.

Forward, forward, step, step, step,
Howe leads his veteran column
To meet the battle shock;
They break against New Hampshire's line
Like waves upon the beetling rock.

The rest is grand, heroic story,
Tho' a battle lost,
A field of glory,
And freedom's cause gained courage then
From Stark and his New Hampshire men,

Who grimly held the rail fence line,
Not knowing how to yield,
Retiring with unbroken ranks,
The last to leave the field.

There at Medford, where they rallied,
Strong in sturdy, loyal zeal,
I would place a memory stone,
Engraven with New Hampshire's seal.

And in epigram would tell
How once there gathered here,
Endowed with patriotic will,
Stark and his New Hampshire men,
Who glorified old Bunker Hill.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Sometimes when the winds of night
Blow down the river waters dark,
There comes along the crested wave
The whispered voice of brave John Stark,

"Comrades! Comrades! ever true!
They all are here at the rendezvous!"

Oh, Muse, whene'er your burnished page
With honored names you fill,
Place high upon the scroll of fame
The men of Bunker Hill.



THE OLD BULKHEAD.

[Dedicated to the Candia Club, August 19, 1908.]

You who left the dear old farm,
And won your way to wealth and fame,
Who feel the glory and the charm,
The lustre of an honored name,

Go back with me again, I pray,
And hear the olden stories read,
And sing again the songs of yore
Around the sacred old bulkhead.

And there shall be no dismal tale,
Where ghosts and goblins have a part,
But tides of joy shall flood the soul,
And well with echoes from the heart.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Oh, gather there, old friends, I pray,
With moistened eye salute the dead;
Clasp hands with loved ones once again;
You 're welcome at the old bulkhead.

No gilded church in all the land,
Where surpliced priest the mass has said,
Can hold my heart with ties of love,
Like the quaint and homely old bulkhead.

Blush roses graced the garden,
Pearled mayflowers on the hill,
But from the dear old cellarway
Came perfumes sweeter still.

Preservéd fruits and berries,
Delicious potted jam,—
No angel's breath is half so sweet
As cob-smoked, pickled ham.

Tongues and sounds, smoked herring,
Dun codfish, mackerel galore,
All sat in joint convention
Just down the bulkhead door,

While from the further corner,
Beneath the great front hall,
Like blessed breath of Araby,
Came odors of "stone-wall,"

All mixed up for occasion,
To serve with pewter dipper;
And e'en the dear old parson
Would sometimes take a nipper.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Why should he not commune with men
Whose lives were pure as day,
Whose word was good as sacred writ?
Was he holier than they?

No matter what his culture,
Or thread of his coat or hat,
Be it that his heart is true,
"A man 's a man for a' that."

Alas! These wayside gleanings,
These waifs from days ago—
The world neglects them all too soon
As cycles whirl us on.

But while my star shall guide me,
And life's hard path I tread,
I pledge my heart that once a year
I 'll wander to the old bulkhead.

.

Candia, dear old mother town,
They linger here a spell,
Thy children who have come to thee
Their tales of love to tell.

There 's no home like the old home,
No cheer like the old home light,
And as they wander back again,
Oh, take them to thy heart tonight.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

THE BOY WITH THE ALDER POLE.

Somehow I 'd like to make one cast
In this old brook again,
Although I 'm sure my friend would say,
"You 'll have the labor for your pains.

"You might as well fish on dry land,
You 'd catch as much and more."
I know it, man, but I have whipped
O'er this same stream before.

'T is for the romance of the act
I wish to throw a line;
The current seems to bear to me
The flash of memory's wine.

I 've watched its waters bubbling on,
Just as they do today;
And heard its mystic music
In times now far away.

And could I read the notes it sings,
In purling, liquid tone,
I fancy it would tell of joys,
Ah, now forever gone!

Of how in good old-fashioned days
We boys so loved to steal
Along its banks with alder pole,
No leader and no reel.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

No book of artificial flies;
Indeed, 't would never tell
Of brown hackle or professor
Or Parmacheene belle.

No basket or culexifuge,
For if black flies were thick
What cared we? We let them bite,
And strung our fish on a forked stick.

Ah! those were golden hours of joy,
When I swung the alder pole!
Old-fashioned hook, old-fashioned line!
With a trout in every hole!

I 've had my turn at fortune's wheel;
All kinds of luck same to my creel,
Tho' never better on the whole
Than in boyhood days with an alder pole,

When voices of the dear old stream
Sung of the things that were to be,
And e'en the crickets, 'mid the ferns,
Piped cheer to a farmer boy like me.

Oh, anglers of the time gone by,
Who fished the brooks that now are dry
As in your camps upon the shore,
You tell your stories o'er and o'er,
Where the waters ever surge and roll,
Pray don't forget the days of yore,
And the sport you had with an alder pole.

THE GOVERNOR AND THE BEAR.

[Governor Charles M. Floyd recently climbed a tree and captured a bear cub, hence these lines.]

Dear Governor, how about that bear?
What made you bring him home?
He 'd just as good a right as you
Moosehillock's slopes to roam.

But now you 've got him rounded up,
And fastened in a pen;
Don't cast him off; he 'll surely be
More loyal than some men.

The mother bear, had she been near,
Would have given you a dance;
She 'd mauled and scratched, as females will;
You 'd had to borrow pants.

But ever since you started out,
And mixed up in the fuss,
The fortune tide has come your way;
You 've been "a lucky Kuss."

No matter whether catching bears,
Or coining up doubloons,
You get them just as in the old
We used to capture coons.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Now, Charles, one honest word I say
About the bear to thee,
He did what man has never done,
He made you climb a tree.

In Holy Writ, that Sacred Book,
You surely must have read
How Bruin lammed it to the kids
Who said, "Go up, bald head."

Keep him 'til you 're old and gray,
For he has potent charms;
As mascot he has come to stay;
Have bear on your coat of arms.

And sometime when you 're out of date,
And laid upon the shelf,
He 'll lam the boys for poking fun,
And run the camp himself.

Our governors in the days ago
Were grandest ever seen;
They stood on honor's sacred soil,
Some hobnobbed with the queen.

Some faced the battle's fiery breath;
And heard the cannon's roar;
But not a man in all the list
E'er caught a bear before.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

COL. HENRY B. FAIRBANKS, AUCTIONEER.

(Hen Fairbanks Sells a Shirt.)

How much am I offered
For this yellow striped shirt?
How much do I hear?
How much? How much?

In all the world,
Not another such!

Worn by Victoria on her wedding day!
A man's shirt, did some one say?
Well, worn by Bonaparte, anyway!

A hole! That 's where
The bullet found his heart
On the bloody battlefield.
Not shot! Git out!

The Indians shot him thro' and thro';
He wore that shirt at Tippecanoe.
Waterloo! Well, no matter!
Tipper water, hullabaloo!
Any old canoe will do,
If I only sell this shirt to you.

See the stain where flowed life's flood!
Yellow, did you say?
That 's the color of royal blood.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Ah, no quarter for this will do.
They gave no quarter at Tippecanoe.

No flap? There 's flap enough
For a pair of pants for your father-in-law,
Or a shroud to bury your first wife's aunt.

Five cents, do I hear, for the blooming rag?
It 's worth more 'n that for a campaign flag.

Ten cents, I hear! Ten cents! Gone!
Sold to Nate Sleeper, to scare coons from his corn.



NEW YEAR'S EVE.

“Ring out the Old, ring in the New.”

The Yule Tide log burns glad tonight;
Bright shine the stars above;
And in our hearts glows clear the light
Of faith and hope and love.

Fair seems the promise of the New,
Like shadow grim and cold
The year that passes from our life
To cycles dim and old.

A prayer, a mass for the dying;
A requiem and a tear;
A farewell with a salam,
For the end is drawing near.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

But when the sun of morning
In glory shall appear,
Then sing a joyous welcome
To the bonny, glad New Year.

DECEMBER 31, 1905.



MUSTERED OUT.

[Read at the reunion of the Old Fourth New Hampshire Regiment, August 23, 1906, on the site of the camp-ground, where they mustered in 1862.]

No tattoo rattle of the drum,
No bugle's martial sound,
As here tonight you tent again
On the old-time camping ground.

No orderly shall dress the line;
No roll-call shall be read;
But still you con from memories scroll
Names of the living and the dead.

The dead, ah, yes! by hundreds,
The living but a few;
A few with soldier hearts as brave
As when they wore the blue.

Here on this spot a thousand men
Gave pledge to Him on high,
That every star should still remain
On Old Glory of the sky.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Call the roll of old commanders,
Tom Whipple, Parker, Louis Bell;
If their silent lips could answer,
What deeds of valor they would tell.

Not of men with stars and eagles,
For not by them the fields were won;
But of the fighting private soldier,
The boys who stood behind the guns.

Call on Virginia's soil to answer,
Where your comrades fought and fell,
Drury's Bluff, The Mine, Cold Harbor,
Let their shades the story tell.

And as to them you sadly listen,
And drop meanwhile the memory tear,
You will hear from each the answer,
"The Old New Hampshire Fourth are here.

"Here, in bivouac, sleeping, waiting,
Till the final bugle call
Awakens blue and gray together,
Reveille summons to them all."

Men, there 's little we can render,
Little we can say or do,
But I pray you once in every year
Put on the army blue.

Form again the broken column,
Take the marching step once more,
Dress the line above the fallen,
As in battle days of yore.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Soldiers, shadows hover near you,
Hover near and share the praise,
Of the loyalty and valor,
In those dark and bloody days.

Here you took the oath and mustered,
Marched away 'mid loyal cheers;
Here again a shattered remnant,
After many, many years.

No more the charging fury,
No more the battle shout,
Calmly wait the final order,
"Brave men, you 're mustered out."



TO LYDIA A. CHASE, ON HER EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Dear old neighbor, dear old friend,
My love and blessing to thee I send
Tonight, as you pause at the eightieth stone,
And think of the friends who have passed and gone.

An ideal teacher, not of schools,
But teacher of moral Christian rules.
My heart regrets that it is not true
That I was an ideal pupil, too.

How pleasantly your kindly face
Comes back through forty years;
It glowed with mother love for all;
You shared our joys and tears.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Though we were husky, wayward boys,
We always had a friend
 With gentle voice to chide our wrongs,
 And helping hand to lend.

Those boys were lovers in their way—
To you they pledged their vows.
 I 've often thought in later days
 Where are those lovers now?

Ah! ask the boatman; he will say
Many have passed with him
 Across the wave, beyond the mist,
 To sleep in shadows dim.

A few are left along the line
That weakens year by year;
 And soon the roll-call will disclose
 No more remaining here.

But still your kindly eye is bright,
And still your heart is strong.
 May He who guides the ways of men
 Give us your presence long.

And when you pass across the wave,
May your loving boys of old
 Extend glad hands and guide your steps
 Along the streets of gold.

IN MEMORIAM OF FRIENDS AT REST.

ALPHA.

In the white-winged ships of Time,
Sailing, sailing from the shore,
Away beyond the harbor bar,
Our friends have passed—
Will they come no more?

They 've passed, but left a record grand,
Entwined by memory's golden band;
We see them not, but their works remain;
Oh, surely, they will come again!

HE TOLD ME HE WOULD COME AGAIN.

[To Dr. L. M. French. My friend, at the request of fellow classmates, I dedicate this verse to you, in anniversary memory of our beloved brother, Dr. Henry Minot French, who left us June 13, 1893.]

We cannot read between the lines,
We cannot trace the cause,
But God our courses rules and guides,
Oh, question not His laws!

Across the sea, beyond the bar,
Beyond where sets the evening star,
Where breaks the morning ever bright,
His soul passed on and found the light.

He told me, when he left the shore,
"I go to rest—not far away;
When day has come and night is o'er
My ship will sail into the bay."

Since then, oh, many times I 've looked,
When from the tribute-bearing waves
The sun of morning swept the veil,
That I might once more see his sail.

But tho' from off the distant shore
The friendly winds blew o'er the sea,
And I have watched with longing eyes,
He ne'er came back to me.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Oh, grand, true friend, we miss thee,
Thy hand, thy smile, thy song,
Thy loyal heart, thy strength, thy love,
We 've missed them, ah, so long!

But thro' the years I 'm looking
Far out upon the sea,
And watch and hope and linger on
Till thy bark comes back to me.

We who are yet in harness,
Who still the wine-press tread,
Oh, Father, may we some time
Embrace our blessed dead.

JUNE 13, 1908.



ONE MORE GONE!

[Fairfield, Our Classmate.]

Now the kindly stars of Heaven,
Glowing in the western skies,
Pearl the dewdrops on the flowers,
Where our fallen comrade lies.

Guard him fondly, faithful sentries,
In his bivouac by the sea,
Loyal heart.—The soul of honor,
This the boon we trust to thee.

Thine to rest, oh classmate, brother,
Dream of loves and friends of old;
Gently passed the spell upon thee,
Tho' it broke the bowl of gold.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Blessed peace and bliss of Heaven,
These the prize thy sweet life won;
Friend, we know they 're thine forever,
When we whisper, "One more gone!"



TO MR. AND MRS. EDMUND B. HULL.

In Memory of Harry.

A life as sweet as flower of June has gone,
A soul as pure as the light of noon passed on;
He loved the spots where flowers bloom;
Oh, leave him there in Nature's tomb!

'T was his to make the world more glad;
To cheer when weary hearts were sad;
His thoughtful, kindly, generous way
Made gloom of night seem like the day.

Dear mother, cease to murmur,
You will see your boy once more;
Dear father, he will meet you,
When your boat has touched the shore.

Greet you both with the smile of old time,
With loving hand and gladsome cheer;
Welcome you to land of sunshine,
No shade of sorrow and no tear.

The garlands that you place above him
May pass and wither in a day,
But your hearts' fond, loving tribute,
Oh, that can never fade away.

A PURE WHITE ROSE.

[Dedicated to the Hon. Cyrus A. Sulloway, in memory of his mother.]

A simple shrub was set in uninviting soil,
'T would seem no germs of incensed beauty there,
But every year as summer comes and springtime goes,
There buds and blooms a pure white rose.

Long has the blossom with its peaceful charm
Burst on the June-time air at Wild Meadow Farm;
Long did the care of a gentle heart and kindly eye
Watch it and guard it as the years passed by.

She gave to the world a sturdy man,
With great, brave heart and figure grand as Cardigan,
Which every day when the sunset hour has come
Casts its shadow o'er Wild Meadow Home.

And now as she rests beside the stream,
Where the cardinal flowers gleam,
And the fronded fern with the violet grows,
The ever faithful, loyal son guards the sacred, pure white
rose.

My friend, do you ever think,
As from Mother Earth
Its heavenly beauty springs,
A message of love from her it brings?

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

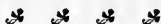
Do you ever see, as its petals rise,
The blessed light of a mother's eyes?

Do you hope with me, when this act we close,
We shall find somewhere that pure white rose,
With all the beauty and sacred charm
As of old, at dear Wild Meadow Farm?

We cannot tell, we do not know;
But it may be so; it may be so.

What tho' you stand in halls of fame,
Where honor's worthy tributes fall,
You 'll ever prize the pure white rose,
Her cherished emblem, over all!

And sometime, perhaps, when our spirits rise,
Its bloom may greet us 'neath other skies,
And our paths and ways when each one goes
Will be blessed with perfume
Of the pure white rose.



**TO MR. AND MRS. D. W. BARTLETT, IN MEMORY OF
THEIR SON, REV. NORMAN H. BARTLETT.**

Oh, is that noble voice now silent?
And but in memory does it ring?
Or do we hear its heavenly cadence,
As angels touch the quivering string?

Are yet his manly words triumphant
O'er human passions, human will?
Or is the weary one still resting
Beneath the stars beyond the hill?

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Oh, has his life gone out forever?
And broken is the golden bowl?
Ah, no! your dear one is exalted,
From stricken body rose the soul.

And some time you will see him; know him;
Embrace again your darling boy;
His welcome will be fervent rapture;
Can heaven grant you greater joy?

Your loved one, think not he has fallen,
Though he 's gone from earthly ills,
He is waiting, calmly waiting,
In His pastures on the hills.

Waiting to receive his dear ones,
When they pass from toil and pain;
Waiting to renew the love ties,
To be broken ne'er again.

DECEMBER, 1906.



HON. AUSTIN CASS.

Another tree has fallen,
In the woods I love so well;
Another friend dropped from the line;
Whose place no one can fill.

A weary heart is resting now,
From years of toil 't is still,
Forever shrouded from the world,
In its grave on Burial Hill.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Nature's forces shaped thy life;
'T was molded by their spell,
Strong as the oak upon the hill,
As sweet as wild rose in the dell.

Zealous for the rights of man,
Thy life's best strength was spent to save
The sway of freedom in the land,
And blot from earth the words, "A slave."

In the darksome days of old,
Sought by great men, near and far,
For 'mong the giants of the times
Thy wisdom was a guiding star.

O'er-modest of thy precious gifts,
Else in life's fitful game,
You might have climbed to glory's heights,
And gained an heritage of fame.

Rest on, dear friend, reck not the past,
In the future that shall be,
Upon the other fairer shore,
We hope to meet with thee.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS CHASE.

Dear "Gust," 't is hard to say good-bye;
It saddens me,
Though, manfully, I try
To keep the moisture from my eye.

In loving touch for fifty years—
Who blames a man
For shedding tears
When messenger on high appears

And waves his hand, and tells a friend
His time is up,
It is the end?
That friend whose heart could ne'er offend.

That friend who thro' a life of toil
Has done his best
To till the soil
Of loyalty 'twixt man and man,

With hope and cheer, this life to span.
To all mankind
He was good and true,
In honor pure as the heavens are blue.

I 'm sad, my friend, and tho' I try
To keep the tear floods
From my eye,
They will come when I say, "Gust, old boy,
Good-bye, good-bye."

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

TO MRS. ANNIE GREEN, IN MEMORY OF WALTER.

Deck his grave; he may not know it;
Breathe a prayer; he may not hear,
But still when fall the shades of evening
You feel his loving heart is near.

Ask the stars; they will not answer,
Nor will lights of morning tell,
Yet upon the vesper breezes
A whispered voice says, "All is well."

Sweet his slumber, when he sleepeth;
Calm his rest; there is no pain;
He will waken in the morning,
And will come to thee again.

Come upon the phantom squadron,
Cross o'er the phantom sea,
And when reveille notes are heard,
Unite again in love with thee.

You were ever brave and loyal,
Thy deeds the angels tell;
To thee their sentry without challenge
Will whisper softly, "All is well."

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

AT THE OLD RED GATE.

[In memory of Edwin Gove, late of Weare, my companion
in sports of forest and stream for many years.]

Where stood the old Red Gate, I muse,
This quiet, peaceful morn,
Ere yet the God of day unfurls
The banners of the dawn.

The autumn plumes are gleaming
Along the "Chipmunk Rill,"
And cohorts of the forest grand
Are massed on "Crany Hill."

Here in the chosen spot of old,
I wish—and is it vain?
That I may hear his footsteps
At our trysting place again.

At times I have a fancy,
I 'm holding by the hand,
And feel the breath upon my cheek,
Of friends from the unknown land.

They meet me in the haunts of old,
When evening shadows fall;
In glamour of the midnight moon
I hear their whispered call.

O Allah kind! who brings to me
The joys of other days,
Who leads me through the forests grand,
O'er long forgotten ways,

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

I pray you from your voiceless realm,
Where the web of fate is wove,
Grant one more tramp 'neath the hunter's moon,
As of old, with Edwin Gove.

His heart was gentle, tender,
And tho' blunt, unkempt, uncouth,
In age he worshiped Nature
With the fervor of his youth.

Companion of the long ago,
I feel you near today,
But here or there, your memory
Shall ever with me stay.

WEARE, SEPTEMBER, 1907.



IN MEMORY OF AUNTIE MOORE.

[Mrs. Caroline A. Moore died January 8, 1906.]

Silent is its silver music,
When the harp rests on the urn;
Silent are the earthly voices,
When the stars of evening burn.

Our beloved one has passed from us,
Passed from life, the boon so sweet;
She has left us in the evening,
Gone, her loved of old to meet.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Still, the heart so full of kindness;
Closed, the tender, loving eye;
But we feel she yet is living,
And will greet us by and by.

Tho' the days seem long without her,
While we linger on the shore,
We shall bless her memory ever,
Bless the name of "Auntie Moore."

JANUARY 10, 1906.



MEMORIA.

[In a wild section of Warner, N. H., in the vicinity of Bear Pond, is a grave, evidently of a child buried long ago; hence these lines.]

No stone to mark it; 't was a child;
Long years 't has slept in the forest wild.
Slept; no murmur of a prayer,
Tho' hope and love were buried there.
A sigh, perhaps, and a tear was shed,
Then passed to earth the tiny dead,
To sleep in wild wood, there alone,
Till angels roll away the stone.
'T is just as well, say what we may,
Tho' soul of genius left the clay;
Passed out at break of morning light,
Passed on to starless, dreamless night,
Tho' name and memory, all are gone;
Sleep on, dead child, sleep on, sleep on.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

FLOWERS FOR THE DEAD.

Dear sister, I have placed the flowers
Where father and mother lie,
And Lucy, with her golden hair,
And George, with his brave blue eye.

I left them there with a silent tear
For our darlings who have gone;
The dear ones who now sleep so still
Beneath the chiseled stone.

The flowers will wither soon and fade,
As all have done before,
But blessed memories of our dead
Will live forevermore.

WARNER, SEPTEMBER, 1904.



MRS. CLARA E. CASSIDY.

She 's passed beyond the threshold,
Gone thro' the open door;
Her smile has faded from our sight;
It gladdens us no more.

No more the cordial greeting;
We miss her welcome cheer;
No more the clasp of friendly hand
Or loving presence here.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Why do we bow in sadness,
And shed the sorrowing tear?
Our dear one has not left us;
Her soul is ever near.

The gentle spirit lingers,
Her loving, tender eye,
A benediction ever,
A blessing from on high.

Oh, friend! we know you 're near us,
Tho' we weep for you today,
Gone just a step or two before
To point us to the way.

Place flowers of beauty o'er her,
Our darling, whom we love,
And sing in praise forever
Of the dear one passed above.



HENRY W. HERRICK, ARTIST.

A gentle, kindly, godly man,
So pure in thought, so true of heart,
'T would seem that He had laid the plan
To make him of Himself a part.

And as he trod the weary way,
Made sad by life's deep rut and groove,
His smile turned bright the darksome day;
His cheering word rough places smoothed.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

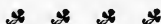
His hand, kind subject of his will,
Served well its master in his art;
He made us better by his skill;
He led us near to Nature's heart.

As when the sun of day sinks down,
Leaves us in gloam of coming night,
There still remains a burnished crown,
A golden coronet of light.

So now of our dear friend I say,
Tho' for a time passed from our sight,
His gentle spirit lingers still
To make our sunset years more bright.

We cannot fathom heavenly ways;
We cannot tell how crowns are won;
But from on high I seem to hear
The Master's blessed words, "Well done."

AUGUST 9, 1906.



WILLIAM WALLACE DAVIS.

As one by one the star gems fade,
And lights of evening cease to glow,
As do the heavenly lamps above,
So one by one my friends must go.

He whom I loved as boy and man,
A life o'erflowing with good will,
Has left his pine embowered home
To sleep 'neath pines upon the hill.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

O harpers, as in other days
You sung your songs above his head,
Forever may your sacred lays
Be murmured o'er the blessed dead.

My friend, you 've lain your burden down;
No more of sorrow or of pain;
Rest on beneath the pine tree shade,
And sometime we may meet again.

MANCHESTER, N. H.



TO THE MEMORY OF C. W. E.

As I sit here, thinking, musing,
Gazing out into the gloam,
From my heart comes plaintive question,
Charlie, why have you gone home?

Caused the sadness of a parting,
And the welling, sorrowing tear?
If you hear me now, dear Charlie,
Speak from heaven and make it clear.

We are told you calmly wait us
In the home of rest above;
That your great heart still is beating
In the realm of peace and love;

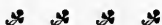
That there is no tear or sadness
Where their silent tents are spread;
That there comes no sigh or murmur
From the loved and blessed dead.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

But if ever you are listening
In that land so bright and fair,
Oh, Effendi, may you hear us,
Hear our murmur and our prayer—

Prayer that unto us be given
Light that we may see and know
Why the edict of the High One
Was, dear friend, that you must go.

And if from the peaceful restland
Goodly answer ere appears,
Then we 'll cease to sigh or murmur,
Cease to sorrow—dry our tears.



AN EVENING REVERY.

[In Memory of S. C. C.*]

Old Pal, the sun is down, the night is nigh;
The wood blaze on the grate burns high;
As evening shades around us hover,
Let 's light our pipes and talk it over.

And, while the smoke curls thick and blue,
I 'll dedicate a verse to you,
Reminiscent of a day
Of joy and hope now far away.

We stood in classes side by side,
And felt the swirl of youth's wild tide;
Its flood o'erflowing, full and strong,
Sometimes did right, but often wrong.

* The late Stephen C. Cram.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

And when the master's strap we 'd feel,
As on our outstretched palm it fell,
We 'd beat in measure with our heels,
But not from us a sob or yell.

Of praise and blame each bore his part,
And even now on life's rough ways,
Steadfast ever, heart to heart,
We 're loyal as in olden days.

We tramped same pastures, fished same streams;
We robbed same pear trees, dreamed same dreams.

How o'er the past tonight, old Pal,
The kindly light of memory beams!

What tho' in gladsome, careless days,
We trod forbidden paths and ways,
And broke commandments now and then,
We were boys and pals,
We were not men.

We had to do it; 't was in our blood,
The buoyant youth-tide at the flood;
We wronged no woman, man or child,
Except ourselves, by being wild.

Our work was play,
Each sowed his tare,
And now beneath September skies,
The vintage comes,
And fate has brought to each
His share.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

And there ever lingers with us,
As night drifts on to day,
Fond visions of the dear ones,
Who passed us on the way.

Tho' tried in time's grim furnace,
Tho' chastened by the years,
There yet are joyous mornings,
And still more smiles than tears.

Ho! the blaze on the grate
Burns dimly,
But embers now remain;
Our pipes are out,
So here 's good night!
Old Pal, drop in again.

What! have I been dreaming,
Here in the gloom alone?
Or talking with a friend who lies
'Neath sorrow's chiseled stone?

Tell me, ghosts of midnight,
Ere your shadows drift away,
Will he come again at morning,
When the sun brings back the day?

Or will his spirit join me
When I sit in twilight shade,
Beside the dear old river,
Where years ago we played?

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Or must I wait to meet him
Upon the other side,
When my phantom bark has landed,
Beyond the whispering tide?



The memorials to other deceased classmates are given in the poem entitled "Springtime and Autumn."



HE WON THE STAR OF A BRIGADIER.

[Col. E. E. Cross, Fifth New Hampshire Volunteers, killed at Gettysburg, said on the morning of the battle, "I win a star today or die."]

All day the battle lions roar;
All day the savage gun dogs growl;
At night across the field of death,
They heard the war wolf's dismal howl.

Still urged he on with bloody spur,
Still flashed brave Cross's fearless eye,
As from his lips there fell the pledge,
"My boys, I win a star or die."

He won it, and while Clio's hand
Shall write a memory o'er a grave,
She 'll place above that hero's name
The title, "Bravest of the Brave."

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Now on the field, 'neath "Round Top's" shade,
Where loyal winds blow evermore,
Memorial of a Spartan's death,
Stands emblem of his army corps.

And could he speak to them again,
From off the southern hills afar,
He 'd tell the remnant that is left,
"My boys, I won the star."

OCTOBER 14, 1908.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

OMEGA.

'T is grand to live the allotted span;
We love this boon, the life of man;
 We love our earth, the sea, and sky,
 We know not what it is to die.

We know not of the other side,
What joys or ills may there betide;
 But still we trust His promise grand,
 Of bliss prolonged in heavenly land,

Of love, and if there is to be
A life reserved for you and me,
 A consummation gained on high,
 Ah, then, 't is sweet for us to die!

Well may we contemplate His plan,
The ways of God withheld from man;
 Tho' the future we cannot foretell,
 Trust on with faith, 't will all be well!
 'T will all be well!

May earth her loving tributes give!
 And heaven her fondest blessings send!
Until we fare the journey thro'
From Alpha to Omega,
 From beginning to the end.

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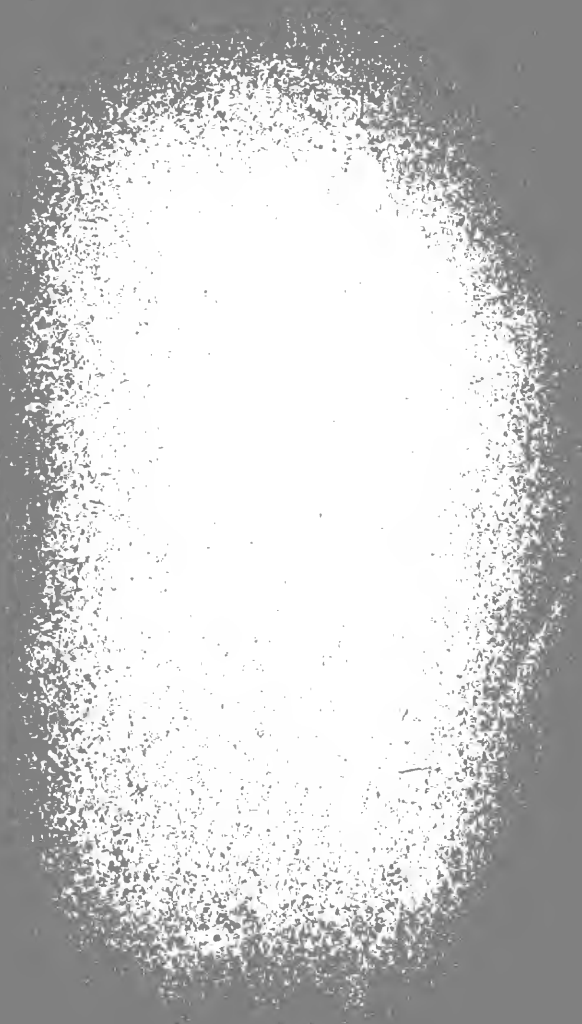
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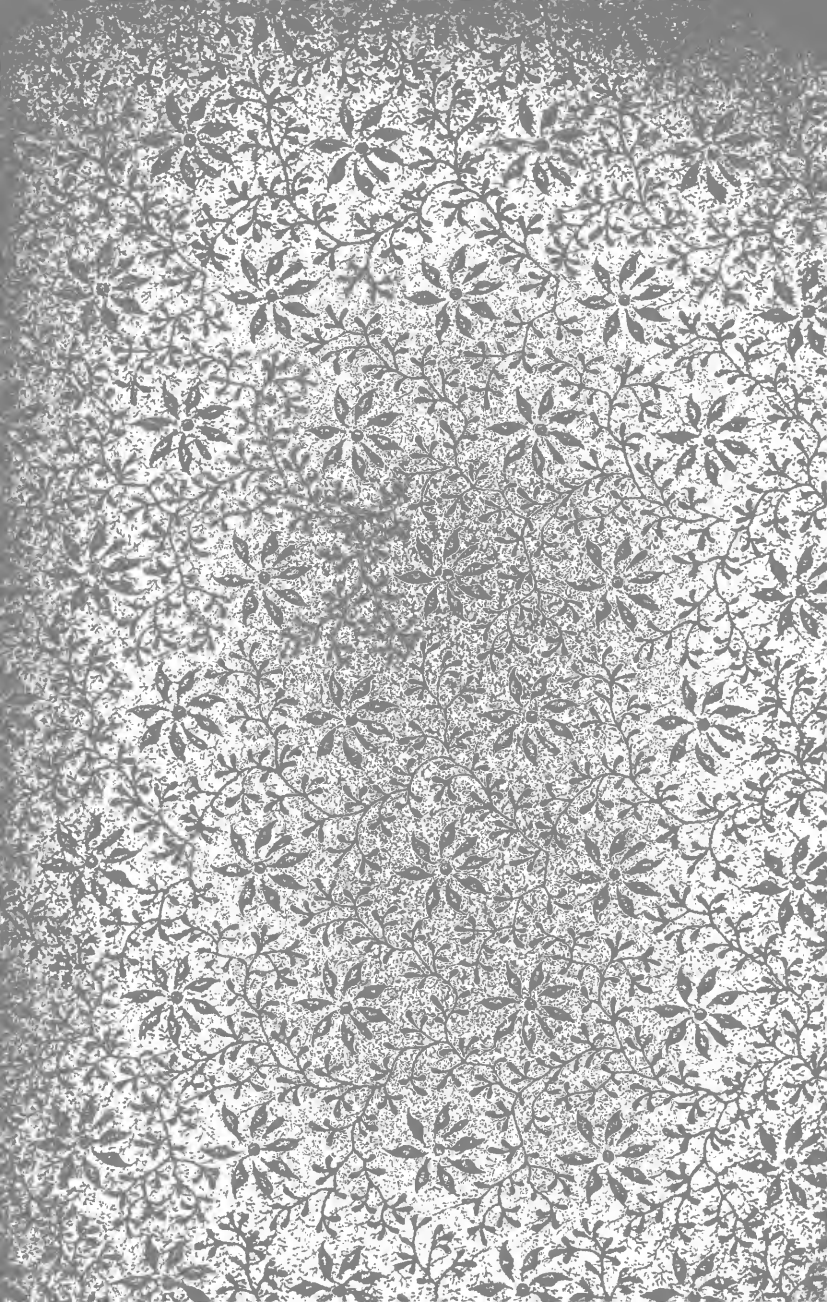
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